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THE Great Favourite, Or, the DUKE OF LERMA.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

By His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by the Honourable

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

In the SAVOY:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk of the New-*Exchange*. 1668.

TO THE READER.

I Cannot plead the uſual excuſe for publiſhing this trifle, which is commonly the Subject of moſt Prefaces; by charging it upon the importunity of friends; for, I confeſs, I was my ſelfe willing, at the firſt deſire of Mr. *Herringman* to print it; not for any great opinion that I had entertain'd; but for the opinion that others were pleas'd to expreſs: which being told me by ſome friends, I was concern'd to let the World judge what ſubject matter of offence was contain'd in it: ſome were pleas'd to believe, little of it mine: but they are both obliging to me; though perhaps not intentionally; the laſt, by thinking there was any thing in it that was worth ſo ill deſign'd an Envy, as to place it to another Author; the others (perhaps the beſt bred Informers) by continuing their diſpleaſure towards me, ſince I moſt gratefully acknowledge to have received ſome advantage in the opinion of the ſober part of the World, by the loſs of theirs.

For the Subject, I came accidentally to write upon it; for a Gentleman brought a Play to the Kings Company, call'd, *The Duke of* Lerma; and by them I was deſir'd to peruſe it, and return my opinion, whether I thought it fit for the Stage; after I had read

it, I acquainted them, that in my judgement it would not be of much uſe for ſuch a deſign, ſince the contrivance, ſcarce would merit the name of a plot; and ſome of that, aſſiſted by a diſguiſe; and it ended abruptly: and on the Perſon of *Philip* the 3. there was fixt ſuch a mean Character, and on the Daughter of the Duke of *Lerma*, ſuch a vitious one, that I cou'd not but judge it unfit to be preſented by any that had a reſpect, not only to Princes, but indeed to either Man or Woman; and about that time, being to go into the Countrey, I was perſwaded by Mr. *Hart* to make it my diverſion there that ſo great a hint might not be loſt, as the Duke of *Lerma* ſaving himſelf in his laſt extremity, by his unexpected diſguiſe, which is as well in the true ſtory as the old Play; and beſides that and the Names, my altering the moſt part of the Characters, and the whole deſign, made me uncapable to uſe much more; though perhaps written with higher Stile and Thoughts', then I cou'd attain to,

I intend not to trouble my ſelf nor the World any more in ſuch ſubjects, but take my leave of theſe my too long acquaintances; ſince that little fancy and liberty I once enjoy'd, is now fetter'd in buſineſs of more unpleaſant Natures; yet were I free to apply my thoughts as my own choice directed them; I ſhould hardly again venter into the Civil Wars of Cenſures.

Ubi —— Nullos habitura Triumphos.

In the next place, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that the manner of Plays which now are in moſt eſteem, is beyond

yond my pow'r to perform; nor do I condemn in the leaſt any thing of what Nature ſoever that pleaſes; ſince nothing cou'd appear to me a ruder folly, than to cenſure the ſatisfaction of others; I rather blame the unneceſſary underſtanding of ſome that have labour'd to give ſtrict rules to things that are not Mathematical, and with ſuch eagerneſs, perſuing their own ſeeming reaſons, that at laſt we are to apprehend ſuch Argumentative Poets will grow as ſtrict as *Sancho Pancos* Doctor was to our very Appetites; for in the difference of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, and of *Fars* it ſelf, there can be no determination but by the Taſte; nor in the manner of their Compoſure; and who ever wou'd endeavour to like or diſlike by the Rules of others, he will be as unſucceſsful, as if he ſhould try to be perſwaded into a power of believing; not what he muſt, but what others direct him to believe.

But I confeſs, 'tis not neceſſary for Poets to ſtudy ſtrict reaſon, ſince they are ſo us'd to a greater Latitude then is allow'd by that ſevere Inquiſition; that they muſt infringe their own Juriſdiction, to profeſs themſelves oblig'd to argue well: I will not therefore pretend to ſay, why I writ this Play, ſome Scenes in blank Verſe, others in Rhime, ſince I have no better a reaſon to give then Chance, which waited upon my preſent Fancy; and I expect no better a reaſon from any ingenious perſon, then his Fancy for which he beſt reliſhes.

I cannot therefore but beg leave of the Reader, to take a little notice of the great pains the Author of an

Eſſay

Eſſay of Drammatick Poeſie has taken, to prove Rhime as natural in a ſerious Play, and more effectual than blank Verſe: thus he ſtates the queſtion, but perſues that which he calls Natural in a wrong Application; for 'tis not the queſtion, whether Rhime or not Rhime, be beſt, or moſt Natural for a grave and ſerious Subject; but what is neereſt the nature of that which it preſents. Now after all the endeavours of that ingenious Perſon, a Play will ſtill be ſuppoſed to be a Compoſition of ſeveral Perſons ſpeaking, *ex tempore*; and 'tis as certain, that good Verſes are the hardeſt things that can be imagin'd to be ſo ſpoken; ſo that if any will be pleas'd to impoſe the rule of meaſuring things to be the beſt, by being neareſt Nature; it is granted by conſequence, that which is moſt remote from the thing ſuppoſed, muſt needs be moſt improper; and therefore I may juſtly ſay, that both I and the queſtion were equally miſtaken, for I do own, I had rather read good Uerſes, then either blank Verſe or Proſe, and therefore the Author did himſelf injury, if he like Verſe ſo well in Plays, to lay down rules to raiſe Arguments, only unanſwerable againſt himſelf.

But the ſame Author being fill'd with the preſidents of the Antients writing their Plays in Verſe, commends the thing, and aſſures us, that our Language is Noble, Full, and Significant; charging all defects upon the ill placing of words, and proves it by quoting *Seneca*, loftily expreſſing ſuch an ordinary thing as ſhutting a door.

Reſerate

Reſerate Cluſos Regii poſtes Laris.

I ſuppoſe he was himſelf highly affected with the ſound of theſe words; but to have Compleated his Dictates together with his Arguments, he ſhould have oblig'd us, by charming our Eares with ſuch an Art of placing words, as in an Engliſh Verſe to expreſs ſo loftily the ſhutting of a Door, that we might have been as much affected with the ſound of his words; this, in ſtead of being an argument upon the queſtion rightly ſtated, is an attempt, to prove that nothing may ſeeme ſomething, by the help of a Verſe, which I eaſily grant to be the ill-fortune of it; and therefore the queſtion being ſo much miſtaken, I wonder to ſee that Author trouble himſelf twice about it, with ſuch an abſolute triumph declared by his own imagination: But I have heard that a Gentleman in Parliament going to ſpeak twice, and being interrupted by another Member, as againſt the Orders of the Houſe, he was excuſed by a third, aſſuring the Houſe he had not yet ſpoken to the Queſtion.

But if we examine the general rules laid down for Playes by ſtrict Reaſon, we ſhall find the errors equally groſs; for the great foundation that is laid to build upon is nothing, as it is generally ſtated; which will appear upon the examination of the particulars.

Firſt, We are told the Plot ſhould not be ſo rediculouſly contriv'd, as to crowd two ſeveral Countries into one ſtage; ſecondly, to cramp the Accidents of many

ny years or dayes into the repreſentation of two houres and a halfe: And Laſtly, a Concluſion drawn, that the only remaining diſpute is concerning time, whether it ſhould be contain'd in twelve, or four and twenty hours, and the place to be limited to the ſpot of ground, either in Town or City, where the Play is ſuppos'd to begin; And this is call'd neereſt to Nature: For that is concluded moſt natural, which is moſt probable, and neereſt to that which it preſents.

I am ſo well pleas'd with any ingenuous offers, as all theſe are, that I ſhould not examine this ſtrictly, did not the confidence of others force me to it; there being not any thing more unreaſonable to my Judgment, then the attempt to infringe the Liberty of Opinion by Rules ſo little demonſtrative.

To ſhew therefore upon what ill grounds they dictate Lawes for *Dramatick Poeſie*, I ſhall endeavour to make it evident, that there's no ſuch thing as what they all pretend; for, if ſtrictly and duely weigh'd, 'tis as impoſſible for one ſtage to preſent two Houſes, or two Roomes truely, as two Countreys or Kingdomes; and as impoſſible that five houres, or four and twenty houres ſhould be two houres and a halfe, as that a thouſand houres or yeares ſhould be leſs than what they are; or the greateſt part of time to be comprended in the leſs; for all being impoſſible, they are none of them neareſt the truth, or nature, of what they preſent, for Impoſſibilities are all equal, and admit no degrees: and then if all thoſe Poets that have ſo fervently labour'd to give Rules as Maximes, would but be pleaſed to abreviate,

or

or endure to hear their Reaſons reduc't into one ſtrict definition, it muſt be, that there are degrees in impoſſibilities, and that many things which are not poſſible, may yet be more or leſs impoſſible; and from this proceed to give rules to obſerve the leaſtabſurdity in things which are not at all.

I ſuppoſe I need not trouble the Reader with ſo impertinent a delay to attempt a farther Confutation of ſuch ill-grounded reaſons, then thus by opening the true ſtate of the Caſe, nor do I deſign to make any farther uſe of it, then from hence to draw this modeſt Concluſion, That I would have all attempts of this nature be ſubmitted to the fancy of others, and bear the name of Propoſitions, not of Confident Lawes, or Rules made by Demonſtration; and then I ſhall not diſcommend any Poet that dreſſes his Play in ſuch a faſhion as his fancy beſt approves; and fairly leave it for others to follow, if it appears to them moſt convenient, and fulleſt of ornament.

But writing this Epiſtle in ſo much haſte, I had almoſt forgot one Argument, or Obſervation, which that Author has moſt good fortune in; It is in his *Epiſtle Dedicatory*, before his *Eſſay* of *Dramaticke Poeſie*; where, ſpeaking of Rhyme in Playes, he deſires it may be obſerv'd, That none are violent againſt it, but ſuch as have not attempted it, or who have ſucceeded ill in the attempt; which as to my ſelf and him I eaſily acknowledge; for I confeſs none has written in that way better then himſelf, nor few worſe than I: Yet, I hope, he is ſo ingenuous, that he would not wiſh this Argument

ſhould extend further then to him and me; for if it ſhould be received as a good one, all *Divines* and *Philoſophers*, would find a readier way of Confutation then they yet have done, of any that ſhould oppoſe the leaſt Theſis or Definition, by ſaying, they were denied by none but ſuch as never attempted to write, or ſucceeded ill in the attempt.

Thus as I am one that am extreamly well pleas'd with moſt of the *Propoſitions*, which are ingeniouſly laid down in that Eſſay for regulating the Stage; ſo I am alſo alwayes Concern'd for the true honour of reaſon, and would have no ſpurious iſſue Father'd upon her, Fancy may be allow'd her wantonneſs; but reaſon is alwayes pure and chaſt: and as it reſembles the Sun, in making all things clear, it alſo reſembles it in its ſeveral poſitions, when it ſhines in full height, and directly aſcendant over any Subject, it leaves but little ſhaddow; But when deſcended and grown low, its oblique ſhining renders the ſhadow larger then the ſubſtance, and gives the deceiv'd perſon a wrong meaſure of his own proportion.

Thus begging the *Readers* Excuſe for this ſeeming Impertinency, I ſubmit what I have written to the liberty of his unconfin'd Opinion, which is all the favour I ask of others to afford to me.

Prologue

To the Duke of Lerma, *ſpoken by Mrs.* Ellen, *and Mrs.* Nepp.

Nepp. HOw, Mrs. *Ellen*, not dreſt yet, and the Play (ready to begin.

El. Not ſo near ready to begin as you think for.

Nepp. Why, What's the matter?

Ellen. The Poet, and the Company are wrangling within.

Nepp. About what?

Ellen. A Prologue.

Nepp. Why, Is't an ill one.

Nell. Two to one it had been ſo if he had writ any; but the Conſcious Poet, with much modeſty, and very Civilly and Sillily —— has writ none.

Nepp. What do they meane to do?

Nell. Nay, Fortune knowes, They are now Compounding with him but for two lines.

Nepp. And what ſayes the wilfull Rhymer?

Nell. Why he ſayes for his defence, that Prologues are like Corne well thraſh'd, there's nothing left in the Straw.

Nepp. What ſhall we do then? 'Slife, let us be bold, And ſpeak a Prologue. ——— —

Nell. ——— No, no, let us Scold.

Knepp. Nay ———
Since to be try'd here is our Poets Chance,
Wee'l wiſh him ſure a good Deliverance.

Nelle. Why, then deliver him from you that ſit
And boldly Cenſure, what, you have not Wit:
May you be poor, and know not what to do
For Six pence, and then rail at Money too.

Nepp. From you that have ſome Wit, and yet more Spight,
May you be judg'd, as you do thoſe that write;

May

Prologue.

May all your Courted Miſtreſſes to you
Prove froward and malitious Critiques too.
Nell. May they obſerve with care your ugliest Looks
As you do the worſt things in Plays and Books.
Nepp. Deliver him from you that nothing ſpare;
Nay, you that would fain ſeem worſe then you are,
Out-talke your own Debaucheries, and tell
With a fine ſhrug, *Faith* Jack *I am not well,*
Nell. From you that with much eaſe, and little ſhame
Can blaſt a Poet's, and a Woman's fame;
For at firſt ſight a well-bred trick y'have got
Combing your Wiggs, to Cry, *Damme She's naught.*
Nepp. Prithee let's ſay no more, but run away,
For they'le revenge themſelves on the poore Play.
Nell. No matter, we have here one Party faſt,
I meane the Gentlemen we ſpoke of laſt:
Though they deny't the Poet, yet we know,
On us they freely wou'd their Claps beſtow.

Exeunt.

THE
Persons Names.

Philip	The young King of *Spain.*
The Duke of Medina	Uncle to *Donna Maria.*
The Duke of Lerma.	Father to *Donna Maria.*
The Duke D'Alva	
The Marquis of Alcara	
Count Bruchero	
The Kings Confessor	Made Arch-Bishop of *Toledo.*
Caldroon	*Lerma*'s chief Servant and Creature.
Angelo	Servant to *Lerma*
Francisco, *Don Juan*	Two Courtiers.
Antonio	
Three Lords	
Three Courtiers	
Three Suiters	
Fryars	
Officers & Attendants	
Four Blackamores	
Six Pages	
	The Queen-Mother.
	Donna Maria — Daughter to *Lerma.*
	Catalina — A Maid of Honour to the Queen.
	Izabella — A Lady kinswoman to *Medina.*
	Attendants of Court Ladies.

The Scene *MADRID.*

Epilogue

Spoken by Mrs. Ellen.

MUch injur'd Gentlemen, may you now pleaſe,
You true Committee of ſuch Grievances,
Kindly to hear me now, and I will ſhow it,
We have been all ill us'd, by this days Poet.
'Tis our joynt Cauſe; I know you in your hearts
Hate ſerious Plays, as I do ſerious Parts,
To trouble us with Thoughts and State-deſigns,
A melancholly Plot ty'd with ſtrong Lines,
I had not the leaſt Part to day you ſee,
Troth, he has neither writ for you, nor me;
You are not har'd to pleaſe; though a Poet ſcarce
Can make a Play, yet he might make a Farce,
With ſmall ridiculous things to ſtuff it full
And make you pay to laugh, not to be dull.
Henceforth, againſt all ſad and Grave intreagues
We'll make Offenſive, and Defenſive Leagues;
And for all thoſe that dare write Tragedy
We'll make a Law, with a huge Penalty;
And yet few Poets, ſo much Wealth poſſeſs,
Or Witt, where you might Leavy a Diſtreſs;
Let the Grave Poets then trouble but few
Write Elegies on men, which few men knew,
And few perhaps will read; or let 'em write
Rhimes for the Bell man, to be ſpoke at night.
This Poet may be pardon'd, leſt it be ſaid
You did condemn before the Law was made;
I mean, if's Play be good, I tell you True,
He thinks it is, but pray now, what think you?

FINIS.

Epilogue.

THE GREAT FAVOURITE: OR THE Duke of Lerma.

A Tragedy.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Enter Lerma, *Alone.*

Ler. REpulse upon repulse; like Waves thrown back,
That slide to hang upon obdurate Rocks;
The King shot Ruine at me, and there lies,
Forgiving all the world, but me alone;
As if that Heaven too, as well as he,
Had scratcht me out of numbers; at the Last
He turn'd his feeble eyes away from me,
As dying men from sins, that had misled 'em,
Blasting my hopes, and theirs that hang upon me:
Thus all those mighty Merits of my Family,
Are going to his Grave, there to be buryed;
And I my self have hung upon his frowns,
Like dew upon a Cloud, till shaken off
In a cold showre, and frozen as it fell,

Starving my growth, with this unseemly frost:
But, —— I fondly prate away my thoughts
Till I have made 'em nothing, like my self.

Enter Pedro, Lorenzo, Jaques, Paulo, *and* Caldroon *his Servants.*

See—here are the parts of my full Ruine,
These decay'd out-houses shew the chief building
Wants Reparation. A good day
May you all share my friends, and better too
Then *Lerma*'s best, or 'twill be dark enough.

Pedro. What means this Salutation?

Loren. I understand it not.

Ler. What? all struck dumb? has then the news
Of *Lerma*'s late Repulse; from Mighty *Philip*
Wrought such effects upon your shaken spirits,
Who are but play-fellows with my decays,
That it hath ravish'd from you all your tongues,
(Afflictions best Appeasers) he that's boldest
Let him attempt to talke, me up to slight it,
And he that's fearful, Let him pitty me;
For I have thanks for every sort of kindness,
Nay, for your looks; I see a sorrow there,
For which *Lerma* has nothing left to give you,
But that poor empty name of Thanks, a word
That pays for faint salutes, or a good morrow.

Cald. My Lord, we were commanded, at this hour
Here to attend your pleasure:

Ler. 'Tis true, I had forgot,
I call'd you to confess, I am your debtor
And you my patient Creditors,
Pen, Ink, and Paper there; and now my friends
I'le tell you all the fortune I have left,
And you shall shar't, as far as it will go
How long, *Pedro*, hast thou serv'd me?

Ex. Paulo, *for Pen, Ink, &c.*

Ped. Seven years, my Lord.

Ler. Dost thou not curse me now for want of wages?

In

In such A'prentiship, with great *Medina*
Thou hadst set up thy self; thy tedious service
Has now no more Inheritance, then a loose Ragg
About a hang'd-up Man, consuming with
The shameful Carcass it should cover.
Omnes. We do beseech your Lordship.
Ler. I apprehend you: all I can do, is this:
Let every man Examine his own wishes
The aptness of his own abilities; and see
The Man, how great so e're, (the King excepted)
In reach of whose great fires I dare not trust,
My wither'd Supplications) And to him
I will with all the liberal praise I can
Give him a fair preferment,
Omn. We wish no other choice, but as we are.
Ler. No more; your kindness is Ill-tim'd.
That Paper waits for your Impressions
And I to finish your desires, peruse it. *He walks about*
So——nay grieve not, this is a day *while they write.*
Of your most happy changes —— (*he Reads*
Let me see——*Pedro* to *Don Bruchero*, 'tis well
Faques, the Duke *d'Alva*; good, *Lorenzo*,
The Duke of *Auzon*, in *Naples*, fit, *Paulo*,
To *Don Lewis de Velasco*, very well, ——
Who for the Wars then?
Ped. I, my good Lord.
Ler. 'Tis a good choice——but stay, what's this,
At last? sure I mistake. Read it *Pedro.*
Ped. Roderigo del Caldroon, and the Marquis of *Lerma.*
Ler. Ha, ha, ha, I was not then mistaken
In him, though in the Rest. (*aside.*
Cald. I hope your Lordship, never shall have cause
To alter your good thoughts, of your poor servant.
Ler. Thou'st took a course to make thee poor enough;
But e're we part, I must say something to thee.
For you Gentlemen, you may assure your selves
You shortly shall possess your several choices:
I dare not wish you well, lest my desires

As in my own succeſſes, fail in yours,
Yet all the parts of good, that are not dangerous
Your miſerable Lord will pay you: now go in,
I'le follow preſently; in the mean time,
I'le try to turn poor *Roderigo*'s Love
More to his proper uſe.
Omn. Heaven crown you with ſucceſs. *Exeunt.*
Ler. See *Caldroon*, how my infected fate
Has driven theſe to ſeek more healthful Ayrs.
But why doſt thou dote on my miſery,
Thus to perſue a death, that would flie from thee,
Or Lov'ſt thou to grow old in poverty,
Hurrying thy fortune on, before 'tis ready,
And making my ill Fate, Conſcious of thine.
By Heaven, un'leſs ſome Holy Nunnery,
Receive my dear *Maria*, I have not means
Left to preſerve her: of my ſelf
I'm grown more careleſs now, then others are:
Cald. My Lord,
I never follow'd any hopes of yours,
Nor vow'd my ſelf a ſervant to your fortunes;
I only beg, I may not be diſcarded
Before you ſee ſome tryal of my faith.
Ler. Thou doſt engage me in new wars *Caldroon*,
For I am urg'd by gratitude to thee,
To tugg agen with froward deſtiny,
That I may raviſh mighty favours from her
To throw in ſhowres upon thee: but conſider,
Art thou reſolv'd to try this chance with me?
Cald. In ſpight of Injury, and Fate, my Lord.
Ler. Our Contract then is ſeal'd —but no more,
See, ſome ſervants of the King, ſtand cloſe.

Enter Don Franciſco *and* Don Juan.

Don Juan. Good day *Franciſco*, how fares the King?
Fran. Ill enough, I fear, for even now I met
Phyſitians, and ſome of his bed-chamber

Who

Who had this time the watch about his perſon;
By them I heard, he had a cruel night.
Don Fu. Made they a queſtion then of his Recovery?
Fran. No, For they ſaid it was impoſſible.
Ler. The weather alters. *aſide.*
Don. Fu. Of what nature may his diſeaſe be?
Fran. Phyſitians are pleas'd to tell us, that
After the Patient's dead: 'tis ſuppoſed
To be of a ſtrange Nature; if bloody men
May draw down vengeance; Heaven ſeems
To ſend a portion of his Anger on him
Ler. Revenge my Quarrel, little Mighty people. *aſide.*
Fran. 'Tis dangerous to talk: At St. *Merceds*
'Twixt Nine and Ten Ile meet you.
D. Fnan. I will not fail: Farewell. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Ler. Grow up you Bleſſed Miniſters of Anger
And turn the giddy Court into Diſtractions,
And let Great *Philip* die, as loath'd as Poverty
Or as his own diſeaſe —— ha! more diſtraction?

Enter two or three, running haſtily with Lights; Phyſitians and Fryers another way, and every way Noble-men with Torches before them, as the Duke d'Alva, *Marqueſs of* Alcara, *and Count* Bruchero.

Cald. This ſtrange confuſion tells the news of death.
Ler. My heart is wing'd, and ſoars, I know not whither. *aſide.*
D'Alva. Call the *Florentine* Doctor.
1. *Lord.* H'as watcht three nights, and is ſtoln hence to Reſt.
Alca. Where's that *Florentine* and the Confeſſor?
2. *Lord.* Not in the Court.
Ler. Now it heightens. *aſide.*
Alca. Not in Court?
Has the Impoſtor then leiſure to ſleep
When *Spains* Great Majeſty lies ſo afflicted?
Go raiſe him up, and bid him waken nature,
That almoſt now is in a dying ſleep:
Hark, I fear the fatal blow is ſtruck. { *noiſe of a groan.* } *Exeunt.*
Cald. Heard you not that my Lord?

Ler. I heard methoughts a groan as Horrible
As if Great Natures Frame had crackt in too,
And yet that blow kill'd not a fly Caldroon;
Something is gone Old Folkes will talke on.
But ſee, theſe Faces ſpeak a certainty;
Draw near 'em.

Enter two or three Courtiers.

1. *Cour.* The King is dead.
Ler. Thanks be to Heaven. *Aſide.*
2. *Cour.* He dy'd in extreame torment.
Cald. Good newes my Lord. *Aſide.*
Ler. Oh Admirable! but ſee here's more, *Stand aſide.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, *the Duke* D' Alva, *and the Kings* Confeſſor, *with* Attendants.

Medi. My Lords, 'tis fit we every one Retire
Freely, to pay our Griefes for our dead Maſter;
In the mean time ſummon the Privy Councel,
To meet two houres hence ——
In the Kings Chamber.
D' Alva. Father Confeſſor, you muſt bring the Will:
And Publiſh it at the Councel Board. *Exeunt.* Lerma
Conf. I ſhall not fail. *pulls the* Confeſſor *as*
Ler. Is the King dead? *hee's going out.*
Conf. Too ſure. *Exit.*
Ler. I have Ideas in my head Caldroone,
Thy Councel and thy Service muſt give life to,
That holy Roabe I touch't at going off
Muſt Sanctifie, and hide my morral thoughts,
For I am very Worldly at the preſent.
Cald. Command me, I am all yours my Lord.
Ler. Then the young King —— It will not out,
But I will cleave unto the Court, Like fleſh
Grown up to fill the place, where 'twas cut off;
I will ſow Jealouſie in every breaſt,

'Tis

'Tis a Rank growing weed, and will choak up
All that ſhou'd ſpring of Love, or Confidence.
And then—Good, Excellent. — *Studies.*
My minde growes fruitful now, and brings forth thoughts
Enough, to ſtock the World with my ambition,
And like a fruitful Mother now takes care,
That was before as barren as deſpair. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the young King, *the* Queen Mother, *the* Duke *of* Medina, *the* Duke D' Alva, *the* Marqueſs *of* Alcara, Count Bruchero *and the* Confeſſor, *carrying the* Kings Will *upon a* Cuſhion *in State.*

Queen. SHou'd we all ſtay, till we had pay'd our griefes
To his dead Majeſty; we ſhou'd neglect
The Juſt performance of his Sacred Will.
By long continu'd Sorrowes: Therefore we muſt
Beg ſo much time from teares, as to fulfil,
The Laſt commands of our Dead Sovereign.
In which your Services we muſt command.

Med. Madam, th' Affaires of *Spain*, Dwell in a Calme
By the wiſe Conduct of our Dead Maſter:
And our Laſt troubles in the *Belgicke* Warrs
Backt by the *Engliſh*, for a time laid by;
So that the breath we have from all our toyles
May be Employ'd in this our Laſt obedience,
To our Dead Sovereigne; and our future Loyalties,
Perform'd to this fair Riſen Sun.

D' Alva. The firſt Viſit this new Sun muſt make
Is through the ſeveral Governments; calling all
To Juſt Accounts, that thoſe that have done well
May be Continu'd, other Men Remov'd.

Alca. Committees for that purpoſe, muſt be Impower'd.
At our next meeting, and the Peoples Oathes

In

In every Province taken for the King.

Bruch. Then all the Garrisons must be survey'd,
The General, Collonels, and the Captaines, Sworne
By a new Oath, to their Immediate King;
And all the Souldiers pay'd their full arrears.

Queen. Add to this our Navies, and our Galleys,
And then Embassadors to several Nations
Must be next thought on, the King and I
Will if he pleases go to the Escurial,
Till all things are dispos'd in better order.

Alca. Madam, the Marquess of *Lerma*, is yet in Court.

Queen. To little purpose *Alcara*; Thats not forgot
In the Kings Will, and we must blast him hence
With the disdain, that by the Will's bequeath'd him.

D' Alva. He is a danger alwayes where he is.

Queen. The King has left us heires unto his State,
And we have not forgot, the Sawcy words
His Idle Spleen gave out against our Person;
I'le keep him like a poison, in a glass,
Till his own venome bursts him.

King. Madam, I think it best, that I retire
To the Escurial.

Queen. If you please, Sir, till the Funeral
Of your dead Fathers past, for Stars ne'r shine
In Clouds: the Rest, my Lords, the King
Commits to you, for safety of his Person and Affaires.

Medi. It is the Boast of *Spain*, and our best Glories,
That we have Ever, truely serv'd our Kings.

Queen 'Tis an undoubted truth: please you to go.

King. I must first speak with my Confessor.

Queen. Let him attend you to the Escurial. (*Exeunt.*

Bruch. That Confessors a *Lerma.*

Alca. Wou'd he were shaken off. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lerma *and the* Confessor.

Ler. NAy, I am not very pious;
And yet I hardly think it will be call'd
A holy thought.
Con. By whom?
Ler. The Multitude.
Confess. Oh I confess, you have a long time striv'd
With mighty Care to please their giddiness.
Ler. She is my Daughter.
Confess. The fitter then to save her Father.
Is't not more piety for such a Cause
To lose her honour, then her own Appetite;
And she perhaps may do like other Women.
Ler. You have confirm'd me now to be that thing,
I faintly wist before; were all the Honours
Of my dead Ancestors, Lock't up in this Casket
It shu'd be thus broke up; But you must now,
Soften her squeamish Coyness; you may tell her,
The Mistriss of a King, is half a Saint,
For she'le be worshipt; and with her selfe
She Raises up her Father to his wishes.
Now, by my hopes, I speak Ingeniously,
You have a fine, large text, to Preach upon:
And I will second you, and add new motives,
Hugging her Sin, and bless her for offending,
See the Sedan is come. *A Sedan carried by four Mores, Caldroon attending, pass over the Stage.*
Con. Dispatch the slaves away, before
You do unload the Chair.
Cal. I understand you.
Lerm. There go the Spells must catch the King:
And now if Love have power, or Womens Eyes
Can shoot a flame into a Sovereigns heart,
I shall grow warm agen; by standing by.

If theſe plots faile, I'le raiſe another Spirit
Shall keep my Enemies from Reſt.
Conſ. Swell not too ſoon above your banks,
And ſo betray the head of all your ſprings:
We will not fail what fate ſo e're oppoſe us.
Ler. Nobly reſolv'd;
But have you found the humours of the King?
Conſ. Yes, I have trac'd an eaſie nature in him,
But too much fixt, to one unhappy vertue.
His temper is too gentle for our buſineſs,
And would be rather cruel to himſelf
Then unto others; for if preſt to Juſtice
I finde a pitty hangs upon his heart
Like gentle dew that cooles all cruel paſſions.
Such a ſmooth heart as his, will ſooner take
Impreſſion of a figure then a Rough one.
In his ſoft nature Love's prepar'd to grow,
When faire *Marias* Eyes, their ſun-beams ſhow.
Ler. Thou haſt now made my hopes ſo ſtrong
That I dare lean upon 'em: farewell,
If we but proſper now; not we on fate
But ſhe on us, ſhall for direction waite. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter Maria, *and the* Confessor *following her.*

Maria. IS this Divinity? Defend me heaven!
Conf. Sweet Lady hear me.
Maria. Go preach thy heresies, to toads and serpents,
Or to the Sun-burnt-Indians, whose Devotion,
Is paid to that which thou woudst have me be
A Devil.
Conf. Pray Madam be not so Loud, you may be heard.
Maria. Wou'd my Soules stormes, cou'd raise my voice
Loud as the Oceans Raving; that the fool'd world
May know what dangerous Couzenage may lie hid
Under such holy shapes.
Conf. Is this my Recompence?
Maria! Oh Monstrous!
Thou Exquisite Exceeder of Impieties,
That dost Expect a Recompence from Sin,
Perhaps 'tis all your Trades with Cheating Zeale,
To teare your Jawes, and stretch your throates, to hoarsness,
To Raise poor People to a fond beliefe,
The easier to o'rethrow their new built faith;
When such as you but Laugh at what you taught;
Such a Destroyer now of all mankinde
Art thou black homicide.
Conf. Homicide?
Who whispers to a Storme, may be o'rewhelm'd
But never heard; I wish'd you to the King,
And something with it, of a holier name
Then what you Rave at, but farewell.
Mar. —— Stay Father ——

What's this? A holier name? ——
You or I Rave indeed.
Conf. Yes, and perhaps may warm your coldneſs,
The name of Queen, Will that yet take Impreſſion?
Mar. No —— I am as chaſt to that as to the other,
Ambition has its Luſt, as well as Love.
Con. You give too courſe a name to great Attempts,
And blaſt our honours, with the care of yours,
You may be Rais'd, unto your Princes bed,
And clime by your obedience to his throne,
Led by your Love, and not Ambition.
Mar. Theſe are large thoughts---but the Queen.---
Conf. Forget her, ſhe is in her wayne.
Mar. Ha! there is no ſafety while ſhe is alive.
Conf. Nothings unſafe to thee but unbelief,
Thy Father got thy honour, and thy life,
And will not murder either: take my adviſe,
And for the Reſt —— ſee —— your Father.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Tell me holy Father, is it Idolatry
To pay Devotion to thoſe Glorious Eyes,
And call them Lights Divine? they are my Stars,
Since their Bright Influence muſt direct my fate,
My growth of Life, and Fortune muſt depend
Upon their warmth, whoſe power muſt fetter pow'r,
And Majeſty it ſelf Learn to obey.
Mar. What meanes my honour'd Father?
Ler. Call me not Father, I muſt take life from thee
And from thy Suns, like growing fruit be Ripen'd.
Mar. This is ſtrange, to me Sir.
Ler. Ha! Have you not wrought her?
Conf. I have us'd my utmoſt art, and tempted her
With the name of Queen —— but ——
Ler. You are dull: I thought your profeſſion
Had been more ſubtile in theſe practiſes;
Leave us a Little —— (*Exit Confeſſor.*

Has

Has not your Confeſſor, my beſt *Maria*,
Acquainted you with my deſignes?
Mar. He told me ſomething Sir had an ill ſound,
But may be 'twas his piety to try me,
It was not his Religion ſure to tempt me?
Ler. Tempt you? to what? to a Kings Love;
Perhaps his Throne; Call your own niceneſs folly,
And not his Love, and Care Impiety.
Mar. My Mother, Sir, upon her Deathbed, charg'd me
(when her Acquaintance grew ſo great with Heaven,)
That I ſhou'd ſtill be chaſt; chaſt to all Appetites,
Call'd pride, the Dropſie of Infected ſoules,
That ſwell'd 'em firſt, then burſt 'em.
Ler. Your Mother was for t'other World
When ſhe preacht thus, but I am yet for this;
And I muſt leave it in a hurry, unleſs thy power
Stops the fierce whirlwinde that is juſt now ready
To wrap me into nothing ——
Mar. Heaven defend my Father.
Ler. Amen, but you muſt help; it was
On purpoſe that Heaven made thee faire,
To ſave thy Father.
Mar. I hope there is no danger near you?
Ler. Nothing but Death, or Baniſhment;
Come *Maria*, my Beſt, my Dear *Maria*,
Come ſhine upon the King, the flames thou giv'ſt
Will Returne warmth to thee, like the bright Sun
That gives the World his heate, and yet ſo juſtly
Paid back again, he lends at no expence,
But preſerves all, and ſhines, as thou maiſt doe.
If a declining Father be thy all, if not,
Let it be night, and it ſhall be a dark one
To more than me.
Mar. Oh heavens! What do you mean?
Ler. Peace, ſee the King.
This opportunity is loſt.
Mar. Good Sir let me go.
Ler. You muſt not.

Enter

Enter King, *Duke* D' Alva, *the Marqueſs of* Alcara, *and* Count Bruchero.

D' Alva. Your Fathers bleſſing *Lerma obſerves.*
Seal'd it with that condition.
Alca. You forfeit all the ſtrength of his advice,
If at the firſt you break his ſtrict commands.
Bruc. The King commanded *Lermas* Baniſhment.
As if ſome Oracle had ſaid, till that be done,
The Plague, ſhall Reign, or Famine, or the Sword.
Ler. Marke that *Maria.*
King. I am unwilling to begin my Reigne,
With a ſeverity to any one — but ——
D' Alva. Look, Sir, where he is, no fitter time
Then now, to through him to his Baniſhment.
King. What Lady's that? ——
Alca. How he Gazes on her? ——
'Tis his Daughter Sir. —
D' Alva. Sir, Remember now, your Fathers Laſt Commands:
What do you look at Sir?
Ler. Now my prophetick Soul! (*Aſide.*
King. Look at? —that fair Lady:
Is ſhe not wondrous faire?
Bruc. But ſhe is *Lerma's* Daughter Sir.
King. No matter—Madam — (*goes to her.*
I ought ſooner to have Saluted you,
But 'tis not leſs Reſpect, to ſo much beauty
To looſe Civility in Admiration. (*She lookes down.*
Ler. Speak.
King. Be not diſpleas'd, fair wonder of your Sex,
That I admire ſo ſuddenly; a flower conqueſt
Is fit for leſſer beauties.
D' Alva. Sir, Do you remember?
King. I do, concerning *Lerma,*
Know, my Lord, I will not waite for a Petition
That this faire Beauty might preſent;
'Tis Juſter to her power to tell you,

I can pronounce no Baniſhment, nor death
To him that gave her Life.
Ler. You poure Mercies on me.
Bruc. What change is this?
King. In Return my Lord, I do expect this gratitude,
That I and all the Court may be made happy
By this faire Object—I do expect your promiſe.
Ler. You have it Sir.
King. I will no more puniſh her modeſty.
D' Alva. Sir, VVill you forget? { *Exit looking on* Maria, *the* Lords *on* Lerma.
King. No more.
Ler. Now, my *Maria*, Should I not fall down
And worſhip the Divinity that ſaves me?
Mar. Are there Divinities below?
Ler. There are; every wiſe thing is a Divinity,
That can diſpoſe, and check the fate of things:
I ask no other help but thine,
To make *Spain* know I am their Deity.
Come, you muſt to Court, my word's engag'd.
Mar. VVhat to do Sir?
To be a Proſtitute, or to be thought ſo:
I ſhall ſhow there Sir, not like a Sun,
But like a Meteor, riſen on a ſudden,
VVhoſe falſe light quickly ſlides into a vapour.
Ler. Ha!
Doſt thou in Diſobedience ſhew thy vertue,
And with thoſe guilty Eyes, that may preſerve me,
Gaze unconcern'd on my approaching ruine.
Mar. Heaven will defend you Sir.
Ler. I will not trouble heaven, when you may do't;
Did you not hear my Baniſhment and Death
Charg'd on the young King, as his Fathers Legacy
Of ſafety to his Crown? VVas he not going
Juſt to pronounce it too? when thy bright Eyes
Arreſted all his Anger at Loves Sute.
Mar. VVhat ſhould I do?
Ler. Keep ſtill his heat alive, or I am ſent

To

To an eternal Coldneſs; and like a a Crocodile,
Thou may'ſt then weep, o're him thou haſt deſtroy'd.
Mar. VVere there no way Sir, by my death
To make your life ſecure? I wou'd reſign
It willingly, and pay you back,
The life I borrow'd of you.
Ler. No, 'tis the death of others then muſt ſave me,
Since I muſt fall, excuſe me curs'd neceſſity;
For I will ſow Murders ſo thick, and ſudden,
That Death ſhall have a fruitful harveſt.
Mar. VVhat d'ee talke of Sir?
Ler. Of Death.
Mar. Of VVhoſe?
Ler. Of thoſe that have the power of mine.
Mar. Not of the King's, Sir?
Ler. Yes of the King's, VVhy d'ee ſtart?
Nature has no exceptions, though Lawes have.
Mar. Direct me Heaven!
Ler. Come, I trifle,
And play with my own dangers, farewell:
I'le leave a Fathers curſe behinde me,
And only ſtay to pleaſe my eyes with ruine
Before mine comes. (*Offers to go.*
Mar. Stay Sir—— I know not what to ſay;
I will do any thing; I ſhould have ſaid
That had been honeſt; but that is diſobedience.
I beg Sir but one minutes time to think.
Ler. Doe, while I call the Confeſſor:
Be ſudden in your thoughts, for death depends
Upon your Meditations. *Exit.*
Mar. VVhat ſtorms are riſen, in my ſhaken breaſt?
Thoughts ſucceed thoughts, like reſtleſs troubled waves,
Daſhing out one another: if I deny,
My Father, to avoid his deſtiny,
May reach that ſacred life, which I may ſave
If I diſcover this my Father dies.
Vertue, thou ſhalt protect me before heaven,
Though not from this bad world. Ah me!

The

The only way now left me to preſerve
A King, and Father, is t'expoſe my Fame:
Hard fate, when Vertue is the guide to ſhame.

Enter Lerma *with the Confeſſor.*

Ler. Come, are you reſolv'd?
Mar. I am Sir.
Ler. To what?
Mar. Obedience, Sir.
Ler. Oh *Maria*, thou breath'ſt new life into me
And I could waſte it in embracing thee;
But time will not allow me choice in happineſs;
Heer Father, carry her, where I appointed:
Remember only this my dear *Maria*;
Be not too eaſie, nor too nice; ſhe's wiſe
That rules as much by Craft, as by her Eyes.
Ex. Maria *and Confeſſor.*
So now I may riſe
To be a Pyramid,
For I have laid a large foundation.
The Queen muſt be remember'd and forgotten
Or ſhe may ſhake my pollitick ſtructures.

Enter Caldroon.

How now *Caldroon*; what has tranſported thee?
There is a kind of wantonneſs that plays
On thy pleas'd Countenance, what is the matter?
Cald. Nothing but your good fortune cou'd
Have caus'd it.
Ler. Why, didſt thou meet the Confeſſor
That told thee?
Cald. No.
Ler. How didſt thou hear it then?
Cald. The qu'ck-ey'd Raſcals ſpy'd it.
Ler. Who?
Cald. Poor ſuffring fellows, whoſe buſineſs

Is to watch, on every change of power:
They have heard of the Kings smiles.
And are now in full cry, hunting after you.

Ler. Good, Excellent.

Cald. They were running on a wrong track
But I hollow'd 'em in —— see my Lord ——
They have found you; walk by
Leave 'em to my managing.

Enter two or three Suitors, they follow Caldroon *fawningly and bow to* Lerma. *He walks smiling.*

Ler. Good, very good.

Cald. Well, My Lord is now a little busie.

Suit. We ever pray'd for your Grace. (*Exeunt.*

Ler. Kind Rogues.
Her's an alteration, strange as Winters Thunder,
Not two days since neglected as the Grave,
That holds dead Inmates; now I grow warm,
The Flies begin to buzze and swarm about me;
What an attractive force has a Kings favour?
The Dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and barkt like little Curs
At some unusual Traveller; I was grown
Useless, like a dull piece of Iron of no vertue,
Till by a Loadstone toucht, and then it gathers.
Such a Magnettick power's in a King,
Where he but kindly touches, others Cling. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter King, D' Alva, Alcara, *and* Bruchero *at a distance, the King is pensive.*

D'Alva. What fatal sadness, like a sullen Cloud,
Hangs on his Growing Brightness?

Alca. That cursed sight of *Lerma*'s daughter

Has

Has ſunk the hopes, and fortunes of all *Spain*
When muſt our dangers have an End,
When *Lerma* can beget 'em?
King. My Lords, I wou'd be private.
D'Alva. Wou'd your heavy thoughts, Sir,
Were as obedient as we are
And would at your command depart.
King. I have not yet deſir'd 'em to be gone.
D'Alva. Have you the power, Sir, to force 'em:
King. I have not power enough, it ſeems
To compell your obedience.
Alca. We will be gone, to death, when you command;
Let us but leave you happy in your life.
Bru. Oh Mighty Sir——
King. No more, I did not doubt your Loves, or Loyalty.
I have ſome buſineſs in my thoughts
That does require weighing: ſtay without. *Exeunt.*
Oh, what a Traytor is my Love
That thus unthrowns me! I am no longer King
Of any thing but ſorrow; and my griefs
Have but a half obedience, they will ſtay;
But wou'd not go, ſhou'd I command 'em from me;
I ſee the errors that I would avoid,
And have my Reaſon ſtill, but not the uſe on't;
It hangs about me like a wither'd Limb
Bound up and numm'd by ſome diſeaſes Froſt,
The Form, the ſame, but all the uſe is loſt.

Enter Lerma *with* Maria.

She comes, and in her Mighty Beauty
Has drawn new forces up; ſo wondrous powerful
That Reaſon ſhrinks, to
Venture the diſpute.
Ler. Mighty Sir,
We come, like Pilgrims creeping to a ſhrine
Of ſome bleſt Saint, by whom kind Heaven
Diſpenc'd its ſhowre of Mercies on their

Crown'd Devotions.

King. And I, like him that gave me power,
Am pleas'd with Mercies when acknowledg'd,
But this pilgrim, you better might have call'd
Your Saint, or Mine; for her fair Mediation
Is your Bleſſing. Riſe, *Maria*;
Your knees muſt bow to nothing but to Heaven.

Mar. That they do now for you, Sir, though to you:
For while I bend my knees, before my King,
I beg that Heaven would preſerve you ſo,
And give you power over your ſelf and others.

King. Ha!

Ler. Death; ſhe will ſpoil me yet.

King. Wou'd Heaven wou'd grant her Prayers!

Ler. Fond Girl, no more of theſe dull *Orizons*— *aſide.*
Mighty Sir, I leave this Bleſſing of my life,
To be a witneſs of my Loyalty; malice it ſelf
Cannot I hope, ſhake you againſt this teſtimony. *Exit.*

King. Why do you look with fears, *Maria?*
As if a King were by his name alone
Made powerful in his paſſions, as his Throne.
Thoſe that obey may fear a ſlavery,
You now may be the Tyrant, but not I.

Mar. If this, Sir, from your power does you remove
Againſt your ſelf; there's Treaſon in your Love.

King. It is your power that makes me any thing.

Mar. I wou'd preſerve you Sir, to be my King.

King. Enthrone me in your heart, and make me ſo.

Mar. A Throne of paſſion, for a King's too low.

King. Were I no King, but bleſt like other men
Wou'd you deſpiſe, or chide my paſſion then?

Mar. Oh, why Sir; do you ſend out treacherous ſpies?
Should they bring back ſuch weak diſcoveries,
'Twere uſeleſs, as to ſay, what kind of Love
Angels ſhou'd have to leave their Joys above.

King. Their joys are ſure, but ours are ſhook with care.

Mar. Oh, raiſe my Father from his black deſpair
While we our ſelves to Heavens practice raiſe

Your

Your Love in Mercy's ſhow'd, and mine in praiſe.
King. 'Tis yours, that may encreaſe his power and name;
Mar. And ſhou'd his Glories, Sir, ſpring from my ſhame?
King. Suppoſe your Father does my joys deſign
Mar. Wou'd he to purchaſe Honour, ruine mine?
Yet his Commands makes not my guilt the leſs,
For Heaven allows no pious wickedneſs.
King. Thy Father ſhall both Life, and Honours owe
Unto thy vertues; fair *Maria*, know
A miracle is done, I more admire,
And inlarg'd Love grows from confin'd deſire.

Enter the Duke of Medina *gazing at them.* { *The King ſtands admiring.*

Med. What blaſting ſight is this? I muſt
Diſturb him, with an unwelcome piece of Duty.
Sir,
King. Ha!
Mar. Oh my Uncle!
Med. I was afraid, Sir, that you were not well.
King. Not well? —— wou'd you be a Phyſitian?
Med. With all my heart ſir, wou'd you let me practice,
And wou'd preſcribe ſuch wholſome Medicines to you
That ſhould prevent this great diſtemper
Growing on you and all the Nation.
King. The Nation.
Med. Yes, the Nation Sir, that will of you
Demand their King, when you have loſt him
In *Lerma*'s Charms: Think of your Father, Sir,
Who did deſpiſe that any Favourite
Shou'd be a lawful Traytor by permiſſion;
And Uſurp all the power.
King. What do you mean?
Med. I mean *Lerma*, Sir, whoſe wicked hand
Graſps at your painted Scepter; that *Lerma*
That was to ſink into the loweſt baniſhment
Is creeping up into your Throne, and power.

That

That he had never twisted with my Sister,
And like a Snake begotten such a Viper,
Whose sliding to your bosome will but leave
A sting upon your Conscience, and disturb
The Ashes of her sleeping Mother.

King. Though your bold Duty might receive a pardon
For any large discourse; know yet,
(That ignorantly you may not snatch your Fate)
All injuries to *Maria's* virtues,
Shall be forgiven as I wou'd a malice
Studied to blast my Honour. { Lerma *whispers*

Med. My Life, Sir, is a thing you once believ'd; { *to the King.*
I did despise to ballance with your service.
For her, Sir; Nature be my witness,
I wou'd preserve her full as vertuous
As I believe her wretched Mother was,
But then she must not Sir, be the foul means
To charm your Sacred breast, to breath out honours
On every thing that is but *Lermas* Creature,
Whose hungry Poverties must eat as deep
As Famine to the Nation. Honours, mighty Sir;
When they meet fortunes, are support's to Thrones
But joyn'd to Poverty are the shakers of it:
And wasting Crowns, sink with such deep Consumptions.

King. I can give no greater Testimony
That all your former services to my Father
Are not forgotten, then to pardon you now.

Med. If this, Sir, that I say, be an offence,
Tha I wou'd have none to be King but you,
Take your forgiveness back; for I must live
A Traitor by your Mercy.

King. If you despise our Mercy.

Med. Oh Sir, upon my knees I beg it rather
But 'tis for all your Kingdom, not for me:
Think, Sir, what 'tis to fit upon your Throne
Without your Thunder; only so much left
As a swel'd Favourite will please to lend you.

Enter Lerma, *whiſpers to the King.*

To hurl at honeſt Truths; ſo, he may ſpeak,
And at this idle time ſure you may hear. (*to* Maria.
What, is your Father turn'd your careful Bawd?
For his ambitious ends he wou'd have been
So to thy Mother too, but that her vertue
Had an unſhaken ſoundneſs; thou art rotten
As he that did beget thee; only Nature
Painted thee over with a fair reſemblance
Of her bleſt Image, wou'd it were blotted out.

King. Ha! ſhe weeps, that inſolent Man
That dares draw tears from fair *Marias* eyes
Shall drop his blood as faſt: Without there, my Guards.

Mar. Let mine, Sir, drop, before you ſhed my Uncles.
Think how the world would curſe me, when they hear
Medina's love to vertue, loſt his life.
He talkt to me of nothing but of goodneſs;
And when he ſpoke of that, (as he muſt needs)
He nam'd my Mother, and by chance I wept.

King. Thy vertue is too excellent, let thy goodneſs
Puniſh him for the injuries he did thee,
Though I forgive him; and hence forward
I will ſend for you when I want your Council, *to* Medina.
Till then, forbear my ſight.

Ler. Mighty Sir;
Perhaps his wilde and unbecoming paſſions
Had their beginnings from an ill-tim'd Duty.
(If boldneſs to a Sovereign may be call'd ſo)
Yet I dare ſwear, his Loyalty is perfect,
Though my fond Nature is a partial ſurety
For what I Love.

Med. Oh, ſpare your partial kindneſs, good my Lord;
'Tis your old Craft to whet your ſharpeſt weapon
Upon pretended friendſhip; and cut a Throat,
as ſmoothly, as if it were good manners.

King. No more, leſt your rude breath raiſe an anger

more

More fatal then you ſnarling: from hence be
Duke of *Lerma*, and your next friend, what you
Will call him—Come *Maria*,
At thy fair ſight my bluſhing anger ſhrinks
As if ſome Angel from above deſcended,
Whoſe powerful viſion made all paſſions ceaſe
But only Love, ſtill waited on by peace. *Exeunt.*

Manet Medina. { Lerma *looking back upon him*

Med. What a look was there
To out-ſtare honeſty?
Sure he practices to ſet his eyes,
As ſome do Guns to make 'em carry right,
But he can take no Aim but at the fearful;
Thoſe he may hit perhaps; his full-charg'd eyes
Will hardly carry level to brave minds.
I muſt do ſomething I think it is no Treaſon
To ſnatch a King from falling down a precipice:
But in *Marias* eyes, lies *Lerma's* power
And I muſt find a way to put thoſe Lights out.
Nor will I leave to help him one ſmall ſpark
Then let him grope for power in the dark.

Enter D'Alva, Alcar. *and* Bruchero.

How now my Lords, do you ſeek any thing?
D'Alva. The King, my Lord.
Med. He's loſt.
Alca. Does not your Lordſhip know which way he went?
Med. Wou'd you find the King?
D'Alva. Yes.
Med. Look in his Fathers Grave then; for his Aſhes
Do yet retain more Majeſty then he.
If you look after him that ſhou'd be King.
You may perhaps find him in *Lerma's* pocket.
Alca. We are miſerable.
Med. It tamely adds to miſery to talk on't,
Like hearts weaken'd with griefs, that ſpend

Faint

Faint ſorrows on their dying friends
When they ſhould ſtrive
Rather to give them help; my worthy Lords
Were all your Courages, and Wiſdoms ready
To ſnatch at any honeſt opportunity
That fortune offers: keep near the King,
And croſs him not, till you hear more of me:
Something I'le do to merit from you all,
At leaſt, deſerve your pity, if I fall. *Exit.*

D'Alva. Heaven proſper and direct you;
This mans ſoul is greater then his Title.

Alca. We have new Titles.

Bru. And likely to have more, all the Spawn
Of that poor ſlave, *Caldroon*, muſt be
Call'd Something, as well as he is now
They ſay a Marquis.

D'Alva. The Queen! her looks are full of ſorrow,
All is not well.

Enter the Queen *and* Catilina *with Ladys.*

D'Alva. Madam.

Alca. Royal Lady.

Bru. Is your Majeſty not well?

Queen. Ha! I was thinking of the King.

D'Alva. What of him Madam?

Queen. I know not what, but yet he lately ſeeks
Retirements from his friends, and from himſelf.
A fatal ſadneſs grows upon his youth
And makes him haſte (before it comes) to age.

D'Alva. He has ill Council, Madam.

Alca. From *Lerma* too.

Queen. I thought e're now, he had been baniſht.

Bru. He'l baniſh us all, if his power holds.
He hangs in the Kings boſome like his Crucifix,
And with no leſs an Adoration.
He may be ſafe in power, that can beget
Thoſe beauteous Charms that have ſubdu'd the King,

Power seems to grow, nay grow his own Inheritance.

Queen. We must quickly try to prevent
This growing danger to us all, and *Spain.*
Where's *Medina?*

D'Alva. Shall he be sent for?

Queen. Ha!——I feel a coldness creeping in my veins
What haste it makes to my griev'd heart.——
Ah me!—————— *She faints.*

Bru. Carry her in, this news { *The* Queen *is carried off.*
Has troubled her.

D'Alva. I cannot tell, I am suspicious of all Accidents.

Alca. These fainting fits seem as if she were
With Child.

D'Alva. With Death, I fear.

Enter Catalina.

Alca. How now, how does the Queen?

Cata. I fear there is as little hopes now left,
As signs of life; just as we laid her on the bed,
She fetcht a heavy groan mixt with a sigh,
I fear all the small stock of breath
That she had left.

D'Alva. This is sudden.

Cata. 'Tis fit your Lordship know all my suspicions
I doubt she's poyson'd, this fatal day:
There came a Fryer with a face unknown
To the Queens Anti-chamber;
To all, a stranger, and to the Queen her self;
By him, a Letter was deliver'd to her,
Which had no name, but in its matter fair:
When she had half read o're the fatal Paper
Her eyes seem'd to grow weary, and her pulse
Kept an uneven, and a heavy time, and then
Just as you saw her now, she fainted.

Alca. What became of the Fryer?

Cata. 'Tis not yet known; for in this hurry
While every one was careful of the Queen

He

He vaniſht.

Bru. 'Twas poyſon on my life.

D'Alva. 'Tis evident, we muſt make further
Search into't.

Bru. You muſt aſſiſt us Madam; and by your faith
Revenge the murder of your Miſtriſs.

Cata. Doubt not my Faith or Secreſie,
I muſt return I fear, to a dead woman. *Exit.*

Alca. Here's a ſtrange Relation:

Bru. It muſt be kept with ſecreſie:
We are Hunted, and the toyls pitcht about us.

Enter to them, Caldroon, *the* Arch-Biſhop *of* Toledo.

Alca. See the new *Indian* Stars.

D'Alva. Silence, he gapes; a Proclamation ſure.

Cald. The Duke of *Lerma,* Conſtable of *Spain;*
By Father *Francisco* late Confeſſor to
His Majeſty, now Arch-Biſhop of *Toledo*
And me *Roderigo del Caldroon,* Marquis
Of *Mirida;* and Treaſurer of *Spain;*
Commands thee, *Philip* Duke *D'Alva*
Don Pedro, Marquis of *Alcara;*
And *Don Bruchero,* Great *Major Domo;*
Within an hour to meet in Council.

D'Alva. Here's a volley of Titles.

Cald. We muſt inform you further, of
The Queens death.

Alca. The Confeſſor ſhould have told us that.

Bru. The Arch-Biſhop, you forget your ſelf:

Arch. Markt ye that my Lord?

Cald. Why my Lords, the truth is nothing leſſen'd
In my Report.

D'Alva. No nor the ſadneſs: we ſhall attend the Conſtable.

Arch. I do not like that word of *Alcara.* } *Exeunt* D. Alva,

Cald. Piſh, 'tis a fond fear, who ſhou'd } Alca, *and* Bru.
Reveal it to him? he ſlept not ſince
'Twas done, and cou'd not dream it.

Arch. Wou'd 'twere undone.
Cald. Oh, your treacherous Conſcience
Wakes too late; who ſhou'd betray it?
Arch. The diſguiz'd Fryer.
Cald. He was ignorant of what he carry'd,
Arch. I have ſome buſineſs that commands
Me hence, the reſt your ſelf can mannage.
Cald. Be conſtant, or you looſe us ——— *Exit.*
I like him not, this ſcrupulous Church-man
Has a ſhrinking Liver, that ſtops the motion
Of his bloud ſometimes, and ſuch another
Fright, may like an Earthquake
Shake him into diſcoveries of all;
A bluſh, in ſuch a caſe as this,
Is evidence ſufficient for a Jury.
But I'le confirm him, or ſend his faint
Contrition to th' other world, and he
Shall be the meſſenger.
He muſt be held in uſe, or he will Ruſt,
We muſt find miſchiefs out to keep him buſie,
Leſt he have time to think how to be good;
Leiſure begets relapſes in his Blood. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Caldroon, *followed by* Angelo, *and* Medina *thrusts him by and enters.*

Med. STand by Sir, methinks your well pace't,
Greatneſs might move a little.
Cald. For whom?
Med. For me, thou ill-dreſt Puppet of Authority;
Thou Stalking Property, that walk'ſt on Screws,
Which but laid by, thy Honour is unjoynted,
And grows as bedrid as the Impotent.
Cald. You ſhall be anſwer'd.
Med. Thou miſt exhal'd from Dunghills,
Whoſe thick Breath poyſons the purer ayre
It mingles with.
Cald. You are very bold.
Med. I will be bolder, and knock your Greatneſs,
Without you ſtudy quickly a ſet-form
To aske forgiveneſs in.
Cald. My honour can defend it ſelf
From worſe oppoſers. (*Drawes.*
Med. Ile mince your Honour,
And ſend your Lowſie Family the ſhares
Of your divided Greatneſs. (*Drawes.*

Enter Alcara *and* Bruchero.

Alca. Hold, this place is not for Quarrels.
Med. Nor for wrongs.
Alca. How was't?
Med. Let me ſpeak, that dare tell truth.
Cald. When I Relate the manner, it ſhall be
To thoſe that have the Power to puniſh,

Med.

Med. Let me goe.
There's nothing that has a Lawful birth,
That can endure this mongrel Greatneſs.

Enter the Duke of Lerma, *leading* Maria *Veil'd, with Attendants.*

Ler. What Hurry's here?
Cald. I know not, the Duke *Medina* thinks
His Greatneſs, Entitles him to Injure
Any one.
Ler. Ile blow him and his ſtorms quickly away.
Med. Is your Breath ſo powerful, that it can
Puffe men off like tops of Thiſtles.
Ler. I cannot now ſpare ſo much time
As to loſe any on your Braules, } *Exeunt* Lerma, Maria,
Caldroon, I have Employment for you. } *and* Caldroon.
Med. And for that piece of
Nightworke too I take it.
Alca. Pray peace my Lord.
Med. Let me go, I will but ask him
A Civil Queſtion.
Alca. What is't?
Med. Whether great men, and fathers too
Are not the beſt and cloſeſt Bawdes.
Alca. Fye, fye, Conſider who they are.
Med. 'Tis that conſider'd doubles every wrong:
Had I been findg'd with Lightning, I had ſtood
With all my wrongs huſht as unwindy night;
But to be ſcorcht thus by a Candles Snuffe,
A thing that only Blazes in expiring,
And which muſt die in its own noiſomneſs:
Makes my Impatience ſwell above the bankes
Of common temper.
Alca. You muſt reſtrain this fury, whoſe effect
Turnes to your own deſtruction.

Enter

Enter the King, *with a few.*

Med. What's this?
Alca. The King.
Med. I will ſpeak.
Alca. Take heed good my Lord.
King. Which way went *Lerma*?
Med. Headlong Sir, and 'twill be dangerous
To follow him.
King. What's this?
Med. I was your Souldier once Sir,
And had Commiſſion to deſtroy your Enemies;
And I have done it with my Sword as boldly
As I will now attempt it with my Tongue:
And 'tis againſt a greater Enemy
Then ever fortune brought me to oppoſe
In all your Battels.
King. VVhat enemy is this?
Med. So great a one, that he is now become
More terror to your Souldiers, then thoſe Armies
They alwayes met, with noble hopes of conqueſt.
Here victory is loſt already: for *Lerma*
Has took you captive.
King. 'Tis boldneſs, and not duty, to queſtion
Princes favours.
Med. But not to beg 'em Sir, no more then 'tis
To pray, That Heav'n wou'd turne a vengeance from us,
Threatning in *Lerma*'s power: Do not forget
Great Sir, the laſt deſires your father made,
And force him to call louder from his grave.
Turne, mighty Sir, your lookes the other way,
And ſee your widdow'd People want their King,
Drooping like dayes unlook'd on by the Sun.
Your Councel wither'd more with care then Age,
Grown as much ſtrangers to your great Affaires
As unto *Lerma*'s pleaſure.
Alca. Excellent! 'tis nobly honeſt.
King. Muſt Princes favours then be limited,

Or

Or Judg'd by common Breaths?
'Tis restless Envy, that urges Mutinies
Shelter'd under Duty. (*Exit.*

Med. So the lesson is learn't perfect.
Oh Impudence! to make the Majesty of Kings
The pawn of all their villanies.

Alca. Brave Lord, though I grieve to see you prest
Thus into needless dangers; yet I must
Joy, that our Country can yet boast such worth.

Med. O my Lord, so wretched are we growing,
I tremble to out-live our happiness:
Those that wou'd alwayes live among Diseases,
Venters for life more then I do for death.

Alca. Nay, my brave Lord,
You shall see all your friends dare share
With equal Courage the worst fate;
For wisely to go back is now too late.
My Jellousies are just, lend me your aide,
And we may dive into the heart of all.

Med. And into his that wrought these mischiefes too,
In greater privacy I'le utter more;
Let us be firme, and like a mighty weight,
Sinking our selves, press others to their fate. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, *and* Maria, *with two Papers.*

King. IT is a thing of great concerne *Maria*,
And I should have the opinion of my Councel.

Mar. Your Councel Sir? are you their Sovereigne,
Or wou'd you be a slave to their opinions?

King. But if ——

Mar. If what?
Dull Majesty, is this the loudest tune
Of a Kings powerful breath? if's and but's,

The

The timerous Language of the meaneſt people,
That are to give Account of their low actions
Unto Authority: Princes Determinations
Shou'd be as free as they deſign their power;
Not ſhaken with the Aguiſh touch of doubts:
What tracts leaves the great Ocean? or, Who Queſtions
Why it is calme, or rages? who ſhall chide
The Sun that warmes one portion of the World
More then another? When you are abſolute
In love, or power, then I'le beg again.
King. Stay; I have Reſign'd my Reaſon to
My Love, Give me the Warrants.——
——Now think *Maria* (*The* King *ſignes them.*
VVhether you have not ask't too much
Of one you love ſo little.
Mar. Have you done it Sir?
King. You ſee I have.
Mar. Do you not repent it Sir?
Nor hate me as an Inſtrument,
Of preſſing you to Acts, unworthy of you.
King. Oh *Maria*, 'tis as hard for me to hate,
As 'tis for you to love.
Mar. But have I not amaz'd you Sir,
In preſſing you ſo haſtily unto an Act
Of ſuch Importance?
King. A little.
Mar. Thus low I beg your pardon;
And by this meaſure ſee to what dangers
Princes expoſe themſelves, and Crownes
By too much truſt, and kindneſs.
King. How's this?
Have you then Acted, what you thought amiſs?
Mar. I have Sir, by neceſſity, not choice;
My Fathers violence had took another way
More fatal, had I not gain'd from you
Theſe Governments, as he deſigns to ſend
Away the Marqueſs of *Alcara*, and
Count *Bruchero*.

King. Ha!

Mar. Now have I ſet before you Sir a Mirrour,
That truely ſhowes ——
—— How fatal 'tis for Princes,
To ſhine on any with contracted kindneſs.

King. VVhither muſt all this tend?

Mar. For he that does engroſs your beams
Robs others of your Light, and is a cloud
That hangs upon your brightneſs, breeding
Ill weather to all the World beſides, while he ſeems
To make you practice power unlimitted;
Juſt then you have the leaſt, obeying his.

King. Excellent Woman!

Mar. From henceforth Sir be every bodies King,
And then you are your Selfe: lend equal Eares
To what all ſay, and like a skilful Chymiſt
Draw the quick ſpirit off, from every Counſel,
And from your wiſe breaſt breath it as your own.

King. Oh *Maria*, you ſet foundations for my
Love, upon my reaſon now.

Mar. One thing more I have to beg,
And then (my Fathers Life only excepted)
It is the laſt I'le ask: theſe VVarrants Sir
I will deliver to my Father; but in the mean time
Thoſe Lords ſhall have private directions,
A little to deferr their preparations;
If you dare truſt me Sir, it is your ſafety
I ſtudy now: pardon my fooliſh feares,
Your danger only nam'd, calls forth my teares.

King. Oh do not waſte the treaſure of your eyes,
For ſuch a life that you ſo much deſpiſe,
While I more juſtly diſobey in this,
To dare be careleſs of the thing you wiſh.

Mar. Can you my heart for want of friendſhip blame,
That for your ſafety have expos'd my fame?
Love to your glories, ſhou'd his flames reſign,
As fires their Light, when the bright Sun does ſhine.

King. If thrones be ſeates for cares, in a Kings breaſt
Love has a Title ſure among the reſt:
My love, as a fair vertue, I proclaime,
When it growes foule, I will conceale my ſhame.
Mar. Ah, 'tis ſome eaſe to love, to be confeſt,
But, 'tis a torment, when it is ſuppreſt.
King. Do's cruelty, a ſign of kindneſs, prove?
Mar. It is the greateſt to deny the Love.
King. Both cannot ſuffer in one cruelty.
Mar. I ſhou'd confeſs too much, ſhou'd I deny.
King. Wou'd you more cruel then you are appear?
Mar. Pray Sir be gone, I've ſaid too much I fear.
King. Maria ——
Mar. —— If you have pity Sir be gone,
Leave me to bluſh a little while alone.
King. Farewell, I'le love, though you ſhou'd ſtill deſign
To hide your own, and ne're to pity mine. (*Exit.*
Mar. Among what Rocks I ſteer a dangerous courſe,
My duty to a King, and to a Father;
My Countries ſhaken honour, and my own,
Calling at once upon me to take heed:
There's ſomething more then this yet ſhakes my heart,
But I will throw the Ague off, leaſt I
That to direct others their way deſign,
Shou'd my ſelf want a friend, to ſhow me mine.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Have you prevail'd?
Mar. Yes Sir—— but——
Ler. No matter for a Reaſon, or a Circumſtance,
Give 'em me; and ſtill maintain thy power,
That I may pay Alegeance to thy eyes;
So now retire, for the Court begins to fill. *Exit* Maria.

Enter Alcara *and* Bruchero.

They come, she was dispatcht in happy time.

Bruc. See the full Sail of *Spain.*

Alca. Strike, and pass by.

Ler. The King by me salutes you. } Lerma *throwes them the*

Alca. This was a running Lottery, } *Warrants, and* Exit.

Mines a good prize, the *Vice-Roy* Ship of *Naples.*

Bruc. Mine, of *Navarre* ——

Alca. VVhy this great man drops Kingdomes
As a full-plum'd Hawke mewes her loose Feathers,
And never cares who stoopes to take 'em up.

Bruc. He has some other meaning in't.

Alca 'Tis certain his bounty else had never
Showr'd on us.

Enter the Arch-bishop, *and* Caldroon.

Alca. See these are of his Councel.

Bru. And now come sweating with their fond complements.

Arch. My Lords, you are much engag'd
Unto his Grace, the Duke of *Lerma.*

Bru. We have the Bonds about us.

Cald. Oh, such another friend as *Lerma*
The Earth holds not.

Alca. 'Tis believ'd.

Arch. Had you but seen, how he implor'd the King,
Pleaded your worths, and your abilities;
I think you wou'd have thought, as now you may,
Nature had ty'd him to you in some bond.

Bru. The Duke is, as he ever was,
Covetous to scatter favours, though unaskt.

Cal. I, and so careful of the men he markes
To make election of in his great thoughts,
That when they sleep, he wakes to make 'em great.
As I dare sware you never thought of this.

Alca. Not I, I vow to you.

Cal.

Cald. I hope, my Lord, it ſhall not be forgotten
Arch. That were too foul Ingratitude.
Bru. Oh never, my Lord, and to aſſure the Duke ——
Arch. 'Tis well, ſo may you proſper. } *Exit* Arch. *and*
Alca. What think you now? } Caldroon.
Bru. 'Tis Rank —— you and I, my Lord,
Are buſie, and ſtand too much in his way;
Our remove will give his Actions ſcope.
Alca. H'as wove his curſt inventions cunningly.
How he threw his guilty Favours to us;
And durſt not ſtay to take our Thanks,
Here's more intelligence, ſee the Duke.

Enter Medina, *leading* Izabella *veild.*

He has got ſomething too.
Med. Your way's now cleer: there's one
Will bring you to your Attendance ——
Remember to bring *Maria* to the Garden
At the appointed time.
Izab. I will not fail on my part. *Exit.*
Alca. You have got a fair charge, my Lord.
Med. When you know all, you'l ſay ſo.
Bru. VVe two, my Lord, are baniſht.
Med. Baniſht?
Alca. But to Honourable employments.
Med. VVe have trifl'd then too long;
And ſuffer'd this black Cloud to grow too big
VVhoſe breaking will drown us all.
Bru. See here the ſentence of our baniſhments.

Enter a Woman veild, puts a Letter into Alcara's *hand, and* Exit.

Bru. VVhat's this, that vaniſht? } Alcara *Reads, and*
Med. Some ſecret Invitation. } *ſeems amaz'd.*
Bru. How now man, what not impart
It to your friends?
Alca. Yes Read. Bruchero *reads.*

To

To the Marquis of Alcara.

You and your friend Count Bruchero, *will receive two Patents for your Honourable banishment, 'twill not be unpleasant to the King, if you pretend sickness or business to deferr going to you imployments; This advice admire not at, but follow.*

Bru. This is strange.

Med. The Advice is good, no matter who sent it.
Nor could it come from any common hand,
The business is too young to be acquainted
With any thing but one that knew its birth.

Alca. 'Tis true, and we must put it off.

Bru. And yet it may prove dangerous.

Med. The dangers only in accepting it.
If we disperse our selves, he'l catch us up,
Like a flowen Covey; besides, the Letter says
The King will not be displeas'd: there is some Mole
That heaves for us unseen; Count *Bruchero*
You shall pretend, that to prevent all Rumours
You'l perfect your Accounts before you go.
You, my Lord, must pretend sicknes
And seem to keep your chamber;
Prescribing to your Doctors a Receipt,
To make them say as you do, and in hard words
Set forth a dangerous distemper.

Alca. Good; but what success attends on this?

Med. That we must wait for; honest designes
Justly resemble our Devotions,
Which we must pay, and wait for the Reward:
Yet this I'le add, to strengthen your Resolves
I have some designs, I think can't fail me
Shall shake the great foundation, *Lerma* laid;
We search deep Mines, and if the veins but hold,
We purchase all the Wealth we wish to have,
And if it fails, we dig a Noble grave. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

Scene III.

Enter Caldroon, *with Letters.*

Cald. Miſchiefs, with Plagues, Engender every where
And beget new diſeaſes; the Queens Murder
Is more then whisper'd now; and the Dukes Daughter
Is *Indian* talk, the 'tother World is full on't,
And, which is more then all, the Meſſenger
That brought that fatal Letter to the Queen
In which her death was ſeal'd; is by *Medina*
Sent for in private: whom we thought aſleep,
But wak't too ſoon, before our careful friend
Cou'd ſtop him in his cloſe attempt.
The Storm has overtook our greateſt ſpeed.
Nor can the Duke himſelf find out a ſhelter:
I'le inſtantly entomb my new got wealth
In a diſguis'd Chappel which I've conſecrated
To my dead Anceſtors; that may ſave me yet;
'Tis pity to take ill pains to rake up wealth,
Which at the laſt can purchaſe us no more
Then a mean life, which we enjoy'd before.

Enter Lerma *and the* Arch-Biſhop.

The Duke, and trouble in his face,
I'le ſtep aſide a little. *Exit.*

Ler. Said he, he would not go?

Arch. Till his Accounts were level'd.

Ler. And *Alcara* is ſick?

Arch. 'Tis ſo given out.

Ler. They have me in the wind,
There is ſome ſecret trick in this, or elſe
They durſt not ſlight me thus; it muſt be ſo,
My violent motion grows already ſlow:
Ill weather falls about me, every way
I try to take, proves heavy travelling.

Arch.

Arch. The peoples cries grow loud.
Ler. The gaul'd Raskals wince at my oppreſſions,
They are like ſwarms of Bees, when up and buzzing
They light on any thing; *Alcara*, and *Bruchero*
That dare diſpute their Sovereigns Command,
Gives language to their murmers, I have ſtriv'd
In Hunters toils like a fierce *Lybian* Lion
And am grown weaker by my ſtrugling.
Arch. The King hears nothing of all this.
Ler. No, *Maria's* charms hang yet about his Sences;
But all this weight will ſtretch Loves bonds; whoſe tyes
Are weakly twiſted between Gazing eyes.
A little diſtance or ſome new Object
May ſet his heart free and unravel all.
Arch. 'Tis dangerous.
Ler. Extreamly; beſides, I fancy, ſhe grows
Dark to my buſineſs, and has ſtarts
As if ſhe wou'd looſe me before her Honour.
Arch. What's to be done?
Ler. No way but what we laſt reſolv'd on,
And that out-does the ſoul of all invention.
Arch. I'm ready for the Journey.
Ler. Your ſafety is included in my peace
Which with like care, all my deſigns propoſe.
Arch. The way for my departure's made already.
And the feign'd Letters from his Holineſs;
Show'd and allow'd by the Kings great Council.
Ler. 'Tis well, this Pacquet then determines
All the reſt, and now, my Lord, cut through
The tardy time, and let your expedition kill my doubts:
While I at home will fann away theſe fears,
Till this hot weather changes; ſo farewell.
Arch. Farewell, keep the ſtorm off till then,
With the advantage of the Sun, you hold,
And my return ſhall be ſwift as your thought.

Exit.

Ler. Farewell, and proſper.

Enter

Enter Caldroon *with* Letters.

Ha! thy face is full of Newes.

Cald. Such as I wish I had not:
Is the *Arch-bishop* gon——
I dare not show my Letters——

Ler. But now dispatcht.

Cald. But now? ——Humh!

Ler. Thou fright'st me with thy Accents,
Why that Humh?

Cald. Nothing my Lord.

Ler. Thou Lyest?

Cald. My Lord.

Ler. Ha! dost thou swell, that art my creature?
Thy breath is nurtur'd from my bounty;
Why art thou then a Traitor to my trust.

Cald. My Lord, you do amaze me.

Ler. Why dost thou hide such necessary truths,
And ruine all my plots for want of knowledge?

Cald. I love your peace so well, I dare not utter it.

Ler. Why *Caldroon*?
What craven temper hast thou found in me?
What chill cold standing blood without a tide?
That thou shou'dst think I know what 'tis to fear:
Thou'st seen me fight against a destiny,
Which I have turn'd, by wise and bold designes;
Thou'st seen me poorer then the cheekes of Famine,
Less lov'd and follow'd then infected Townes:
Could'st thou then witness once, in all these hazards,
That fate could triumph in one sigh of mine.

Cald. Alass, my Lord.

Ler. Pitty me, if thou seest me tremble at it;
Come, I will know it all: and, tell it me,
In the most horridst Language thou canst study;
For I am skilful, and can tune all terrors.

Cald. My Lord, this packet first is a sad witness
of too much danger.

Ler. So. (*He reades.*

Cald. His colour changes.

Ler. Keep in falſe fear, he muſt not ſee thee: (*Aſide.*

Cald. His blood flies up and down, the ſtorm has toſt it. (*Aſide.*

Ler. Ha, ha, ha, does this trouble thee?
Let 'em all like creeping Snakes hiſs at me,
I have a charme yet left ſhall dead their ſtings;
Yet it was fit I ſhould know all this:
What more is there?

Cald. Much, my Lord —— for ——

Ler. Let it alone; Attend me in my Cloſet,
There I'le ſatisfie thee better.

Cald. I'le attend your Grace — (*Exit.*

Ler. Now heart, I give thee leave to ſigh, and ſwell,
My thoughts muſt not be judg'd by theſe baſe ſlaves
Who hang upon my Fortune, not on me;
Such Inſtruments, like flatter'd Princes,
Muſt never hear but of proſperity;
Vertue can ſingly ſtand on its own truſt,
But paſſions muſt depend on truth of others.
Our hopes of victory on mean Mens vallors,
Ambition upon baſe and wretched Inſtruments,
On Women Love, more treacherous then all;
Yet in deſpight of my curſt Enemies,
I'le find a conqueſt in a ſafe retreate,
And though they riſe, I'le ſink to be as great. (*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Maria, *and* Izabella.

Mar. YOu're welcome, and I dare trust your goodness;
Since it can share with me in my condition,
Which is a bitterness well guilded only.
Iza. I never shall deceive you, Madam.
Mar. Perhaps I may do you, and all the World
Who thinks I doate upon my splendid shame.
Iza. What's this? *aside.*
Mar. The Character which I have had of you
Gives me a confidence I've found a friend
That I may weep to; sorrow's like a child
Which loves to be bemoan'd. *(weepes.*
Iza. Sure she is Injur'd.
Mar. Come, sit down: see *Izabella.*
These flowers live without the fence of sorrowes.
Iza. And yet they'l hang their heads in scorching heate,
When no kind drops fall on 'em.
Mar. 'Tis true, as if like me they wanted pitty,
But I'le stoop down upon their fragrant beds,
And weep upon 'em. Oh *Izabella,*
Wou'd any thing could prosper by my griefes.
Iza. I must believe her. ——

(Soft Musick.

Mar. Harke, What's that?
Iza. Nothing Madam, 'tis but your fancy.
Mar. 'Tis Harmony, and cannot be my fancy,
For that is out of tune.

Enter Medina *as a* Genius, *in a glittering Habit.*

Ha! VVhat's this? help *Izabella.*

Iza. Sit ſtill Madam, 'tis only ſome deſign
To entertain you, the Muſick ſhowes it now.

The Muſick *ceaſes; and the* Genius *ſpeakes.*

Gen. I am the *Genius* which does waite
Upon *Spaines* looſe and ſhaken State;
I Rule the Spirits of the Aire,
VVho, as their guide to me repaire;
And then by me to every minde
A ſeveral genius is aſſign'd,
VVho waite and whiſper to their Soules,
But no decree or power controules;
For every one their freedomes uſe,
And all their faults, and vertues chuſe.
The accounnt of every deed and thought
Are by the winged Spirits brought:
VVe ſit in Sun-beames, while they tell
The newes of mortalls that do well;
But when they tell of vice, they ſhrou'd
Their heads, and whiſper't in a cloud.
Some merit neither praiſe nor ſhame,
VVho tempt not fate, nor trouble fame;
Thoſe Spirits that on ſuch attend,
I'le charme, to ſhow how time they ſpend.

He Charmes, an Entry *of* Spirits, *imitating vain men dumb.*

Now, from above, I'le call for one
That is the Genius of the throne;
Next thine, whoſe ſighes encreaſe the Aire,
That thou art not ſo chaſt as faire:
'Tis thoſe alone waſte every houre,
That wait on beauty, or on power.

Enter

Enter the First Genius.

1. *Gen.* See, I obey, and now am weary grown
Longer to wait upon a Throne
Then let me take ſome reſt
And flie to whiſper to a common Breſt;
Not fed with Luxury,
Nor flater'd up to be a Deity.

He waves his Wand, and enter the ſecond Genius.

2. *Gen.* I come, I come, fill'd with deſpair
To whisper longer, to the proud and fair.
Their own juſt Conqueſt they deſpiſe
And pleaſe themſelves with guilty victories:
Againſt thoſe Altars I in vain perſwade
Where worſhip is by time decay'd.
1. *Gen.* I oft have mingled with the thoughts
Of Kings, and told, they were not Deities,
And how all Princes faults
Made men have daring Tongues and Eyes.
2. *Gen.* I told this Beauty too her fate
That one foul Crime had ſuch a weight
That all muſt ſink; and he that firſt does find
A Beauty, yet unblemiſht, kind,
He is like one that does diſcover
An unknown World, by whoſe ſucceſs
He makes a way for others to poſſeſs;
As ſhe's made ready for another Lover.
Both. Then ſet us free, that we may find,
In low Eſtates, a ſteady mind,
Whoſe harmleſs Life, and vertuous Love
Is farre above
The reach of Vice, or fear of Fate;
Let no good *Genius* henceforth wait

Upon

Upon such false, and such unsteady things
As ador'd Beauties, or as flatter'd Kings. *Exeunt.*
Mar. Ha, *Izabella*, There is some
Further meaning, sure in this,
I do not like it.
Med. You must.
Mar. How must? what are you? I am betray'd
Izabella, stay; what was all this meant for? *Exit Iza.*
Med. Truth.
Mar. These shapes spoke falshood.
Med. I'le help you to one then, shall tell you Truths.
D'ee know me? *Pulls off his disguise.*
Mar. My honour'd Uncle; brave *Medina*,
My wonders greater then my doubts before,
Med. The greatest wonder is behind.
Mar. What's that?
Med. Thy Lust.
That does exceed all wicked Miracles.
Mar. My Lord, for pitties sake.
Med. 'Tis pitty, forces me to this violence,
The pitty of thy Blood, I had a share in
Before it was infected with this Leprosie;
The pitty of thy Youth, thy beauteous Youth,
Like a fair Flower pluckt up by the Root
When 'twas but newly budding, before time
Could show it to the World, how sweet it was.
Mar. Do but hear me Sir.
Med. Yes, if you'l speak Repentance with a passion
As great as that which made you act your lewdness,
Then I will heaken like a doating Mother
To hear her Children prais'd by flattering tongues.
Put if it be to excuse or mittigate
Thy wretched Fathers, or thine own offence,
And Bawd for whorish Acts, by poor excuses;
The Ears of Cruelty shall not be deafer,
Nor storms to crying Seamen that must sink,
As thy drown'd Honour does, though not so deep.
Mar. My Lord.

Med.

Med. Think of thy Mother now, that through ſome Starr
Looks bluſhing down on thy Impieties;
And finds it harder to hold a wrath from thee
With all the Mediation of the Saints,
Then 'twas to purchaſe for her ſelf by vertue
That bleſt Eternity which ſhe enjoys.
Oh, thou hadſt been bleſt, *Maria*; if thy Father,
Like other Wolves, had been then torn to pieces
Before he knew what he begot in thee;
For thou hadſt then wanted a powerful Pander:
Or, had Heaven bleſt thee with Deformity,
Thou hadſt been ſafe in unattempted vertue.
Oh *Maria*, it is thy Beauty that has been
The fatal blazing Star that did foretell
The hot Contagion that has follow'd in thee.

Mar. Will you not hear me then, my Lord?

Med. Doſt thou make way at all for me to
Hear thee? or haſt thou yet let fall a tear?
To bribe me from pronouncing cruel Judgement.

Mar. When I want innocence, I'le weep, or beg
of you and Heaven; But I that have preſerv'd
My virtue, as unſtain'd as at the time
When my bleſt Mother (who now ſmiles upon me)
Gave me and that together to the World.
I will not ſtain it by a falſe confeſſion.

Med. What's this?

Mar. A Truth, which I am bound by tyes of Nature
And Honour, to tell you, and all the world,
Nay, on my knees I thank you, that you take
The room of a loſt Father up ſo kindly;
And queſtion me, for all you do ſuſpect:
And I will gladly tell you my true ſtory
Like thoſe that with a pleaſure do repeat
The tales of Mighty dangers they have paſt.
But if your foul beliefe, like the Worlds tongues
Can only think all Ill, as they can ſpeak 'em
Then I riſe thus, and from my vertue borrow
A ſcorn, as great as ſuch from their own vices

Can

Can borrow foul opinions.

Med. Why, what a fool was I, I did expect
Repentance, and ſhou'd have look'd for Impudence:
Perhaps you fool your ſelf into this boldneſs
And think there's no man that dares queſtion
The Miſtriſs of a King, but I wou'd ſooner
Deſtroy a Traitor to my Princes Soul,
Then to his Crown.

Mar. The King has as much vertue as I wiſh him.

Med. That eaſily may be, but 'tis a queſtion
Whether he will continue ſtill ſo bad,
As thou deſir'ſt him.

Mar. I ſee that you are deaf to hear of goodneſs
And I muſt either have a guilt within,
To beg enough, or Vertue to deſpiſe you.
And when you know, which you ſhall quickly do
How you have injur'd me, you will repent
Your bold injuſtice.—— ſo farewel

Med. Stay, ſtay, you muſt not go.

Mar. Muſt not?

Med. No, nor ſhall not: the Masquers that you ſaw
Are all my truſty friends, 'tis in vain
To cry, or tear your Throat.

Mar. What do you mean?

Med. To ſhake you in your damn'd ſecurity
Or ſet your ſoul free from that guilded frame
Whoſe unſeen rotteneſs corrupts it.

Mar. Will you murder me?

Med. I did not come with that intention.
But thou haſt rais'd me to a vertuous anger
That tempts me to prevent thy ſhame and mine.
Yet will you turn your eyes in to your Breſt,
And they muſt weep, for they will ſee thy heart
So very foul, that it needs pious waſhing.

Mar. Nay then.
If your ſcorn'd anger ſwell'd you to a Mountain
And were to fall upon me, I wou'd ſtand
Thus —— and not ſhake, but wou'd deſpiſe

Your ruine and mine own.
Med. Yet repent, and do not force my hand
To a ſwift Juſtice that muſt ſend thy Soul
VVhere vitious falſeneſs dares not tell a tale.
Mar. I had rather be judg'd there then here.
Med. Then, Juſtice, I thus obey thy ſtrict command { *Drawes*
But powerful nature ſtayes my feeble hand. { *aſide.*
Mar. VVhy do you pauſe? your paſſion is more noble
Then your vertue, one can make trial of me
T'other dares not; Strike, and all the while,
See what ſuſpected Sin ſtartles my Soul,
Or ſtirs me to a bluſh.
Med. Dare you endure to die?
Mar. VVer't not a ſin, perhaps I durſt do more
Med. VVhat more?
Mar. Give my ſelf what I wiſh, as eaſily
As I provoke your ſhaking hand to do't.

Enter Izabella *running.*

Iza. Oh my Lord, undone, undone, the Kings juſt
Coming, and ſearches for *Maria.*
Med. The King? —— no matter ——
I'le fall nobly, now you ſhall be reveng'd.
Mar. I cou'd weep now to ſee the great *Medina*
Believe all ill ſo eaſily; when you ſpeak
Of my unhappy Father, his bare name
Confirmes you in your cruel cenſure of me:
But though you talke of my bleſt Mother to me
A thouſand times, you have not power to think,
One drop of vertue has deſcended to me
From that pure fountain.
Med. Oh Heav'n! ſend peace to my diſtracted Soul,
And tell me which is truth.
Mar. Heaven will tell you ſuddenly, but we forget,
Put on your diſguize, and leave the reſt to me.
Med. This diſguiſe may be more fatal
Then my own ſhape.

Mar. You must not for the World appear your self,
For then you will be thought, the Author
Of something I intend, which will be fatal to you.
Dare you trust me in nothing?

Med. Well, in this I dare —— *Izabella*,
Bid my friends hide their disguises
And conceale themselves.

Iza. I will. (*Exit* Izab.

Mar. You remember there was a Letter
Written to the Marquess of *Alcara*,
And Count *Bruchero*.

Med. I do: Did you write it?

Mar. No more questions now.

Med. But I will aske something;
For I grow willing to believe thee good:
Pray tell me.

Mar. Peace, I hear a noise —— Look
If you see any comming.

Med. 'Tis the King; I trust you now *Maria*.

Mar. Doe so alwayes then.

Enter the King, D' Alva, *&c.*

King. *Maria* — How now, What's this?

Mar. Pray Sir do not look upon him,
'Twill make the poor man so out of countenance,
That I shall have no more Diversion;
It seemes that *Izabella* and the Gardiner
Contriv'd an Entertainment for me,
It was done just as your Majesty came.

D' Alva. This is an odd Excuse.

King. I shou'd have been sorry to have
Interrupted your pleasures.

Mar. Pray Sir do not look at him,
He'le be so asham'd.

King. I will look on nothing but thy brightness;
Come *Maria*, I fell in love with thee,
Then with thy vertue, which was hard to find

In

In ſo much Beauty; th' other is ſo common
It beares no Rate, there's poverty in vice;
The hardeſt things to find bear greateſt price.
Med. This is the likelieſt thing { *Exeunt* King, Maria,
To vertue, I ever ſaw: { D' Alva.
Beſides, had ſhe been vitious,
She would not have neglected her Revenge,
One of the pleaſant'ſt luſt ill Women have:
All may be Counterfeit —— and yet ——
There may be ſuch a thing as a good Woman.

Enter Izabella.

How now, VVhat news?
Iza. All ſafe; I muſt haſt after them.
Med. Stay, and prethee tell me my beſt Cozen,
Doſt thou think *Maria* vertuous?
Iza. By Heaven I doe.
Med. By Heaven I have a minde to do ſo too.
Iza. I have obſerv'd things worthy of your knowledge.
Another time I will relate them to you.
Something ſhe's reſolv'd to doe, I'le watch
To find it out: So farewell,
I dare not ſtay. (*Exit* Izab.
Med. I know not what to think;
I wou'd believe, but yet my ſhaken faith
Creepes to its growth but ſlowly, like an Infant
Forc't to a haſty birth before its time.
Our lives and our devotions are but ſickly,
When Aguiſh doubts their growing health controules;
A ſhaken faith's the ſtorme of tottering ſoules.

Enter D' Alva.

Ha! *D' Alva?* What has brought him back?
D' Alva. Heres the Apparition ſtill, I muſt be ſatisfied,
What are you Sir?
Med. One of *Lerma*'s Angels.

D' Alva. *Lerma*'s Devils.
Med. See, my Lord, I meant his evil Angel.
D' Alva. Oh my dear Lord, (*Discovers himself.*
Pardon my apprehension;
We tread upon such rough and narrow pathes,
That any trick, or error, throwes us down.
Med. Feare not, my Lord, I have discovered
And broken, as I hope, the best foundation
That *Lerma* builds upon.
D' Alva. Let us delay no time, but instantly
To councel with the Marquess of *Alcara*,
And Count *Bruchero*; they have something
To impart, that is of great Importance.
Med. To add to all, I have secur'd the Witnesses,
Antonio, and *Catalina*; we'le lose no time,
While *Lerma*, as I hear, thinks I am fled,
And Joyes in fulness of his growing power.
But let him swell fate neve durst deny
Bold spirits, to dispole of destiny.
Unshaken Trees, that have the largest rootes;
A bold, and well-arm'd hand as well may throw
As those, whose Rootes do not so deeply grow. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE H.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. IF my invention faile not, I have yet
Out-stript 'em all; if my wing'd Mercury
Keep touch in time: The Court lookes odly,
And every brow weares mysteries about 'em:
The fawning Rascalls of it (which like Cobwebs
Shou'd be swept off) methinks avoid me now,
Who us'd to crowd, and stop my way with cringes;
Their smiles look like the grins of anger'd *Monkeys*:
But I am safe, while my *Marias* Charmes

Hang

Hang on the King, and numb him to a Lethergy,
There's ſome that are too great, muſt be cut down,
Feign'd Accuſations, and a little time
Will kill all wonder, which is ſhorter Liv'd
Then dreams of Children, or old Womens tales.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My Lord.
Ler. Ha! Death on thee, I was ſerious.
Begon —— this was a guilty ſtart, { *ſtrikes him.*
This ſlave too, will perhaps { *Ex.* Angelo.
Grow wiſe, and gueſs at ſomething,
How hard it is, in ſlippery ways
To keep a ſteady Motion.

Enter Caldroon.

How now? what news? —— ſpeak.
Cald. I am too narrow to contain,
It is too great to keep or to let out.
Ler. Curſe on this form in thy Relations.
For thou doſt practice on me like an Advocate
Whoſe ſpleenative exordiums are more horrid
Then the ill cauſe he wou'd make monſtrous.
Cald. Your Daughter, Sir. — ——
Ler. Is ſweeter then the Spring, wreath'd in the Arms
Of budding Flowers; what more of her?
Cald. There can't be Man enough in you to hear it,
And then out-live it; 'tis ſo great a weight
I almoſt ſink to bring it.
Ler. And yet art ſuch an Aſs under thy burden
As not to throw it off: for tell it me
And I have all thy weight.
Cald. You cannot hear it.
Ler. Not if you do not tell it.
Cald. 'Twill cruſh you.
Ler. It muſt be heavier then all the weight
Of peoples curſes, and the great ones envies:

Thou

Thou doſt not know one thing, *Caldroon*,
Fortune and I did long ago agree
I to make work for her, and ſhe for me.
Tell it me boldly; and prethee now *Caldroon*
Do not like thoſe that bring a bitter potion
Make ſcurvy faces at it, as you give it.
Cald. Oh, my Lord,
Dogs howlings, or the groans of Mandrakes
Wou'd be a Conſort of ſoft Muſick
To this harſh thing I have to utter.
Ler. Thou'ſt numb'd my Sences like a skilful Surgeon
And now may'ſt ſtrike, I ſhall not feel thy hand.
But come, what of *Maria*?
Cald. She's gone, ſtole away,
Unknown by whom, or whether.
Ler. This is a dangerous wound indeed
I know not where to ſearch it.
Cald. My Lord, I told you what 't wou'd come to.
Ler. Oh, Sir, you are a Mighty Prophet,
Where was the King?
Cald. As they ſay, aſleep.
Ler. Could he ſleep? and his dull ſoul without
A dreaming whisper, that ſhe was looſing,
And when he wakes, and miſſes her, what then?
Cald. He will be troubled ſure.
Ler. Troubles wear off from Kings (they are too high
To grieve, and ſorrow ſlides from them) like falling drops
From ſides of houſes, — they dare not hurt her ſure.
Cald. It cannot be imagin'd that they dare.
Ler. She muſt appear again, our rapid motions
Will bring us round again to that fair ſun
If the King loves her too, (as ſure he does)
Her abſence makes it night with him.
I wonder what they meant by't.
Cald. I cannot gueſs, my Lord.
Ler. Thou 'rt ſhallow then; they fondly think
The King will be uncharm'd, and hearken to their
Clamours, now ſhe that ſtood between

Their

Their breath and him is thus remov'd;
'Twas pollitically done; ——
And yet they dare not tell him where she is,
Nor the bold raviſher confeſs the fact.
For yet, *Caldroon*, ſhe hangs upon his heart
Like hopes of Joy upon a troubled ſoul;
I have a plot to help us yet, at leaſt
To give us time till I have ſearcht this further.
Cald. What is't my Lord.
Ler. I'le inſtantly to the halfe ſoul-leſs King,
For he muſt want his better part of Life
Now ſhe is gone: and tell him ſhe's retir'd
On purpoſe, till a haſty vow be paſt:
And frame a Letter in her deareſt name
Shall keep his Love from chilling.
Cald. 'Tis excellent.
Ler. He muſt not know ſhe's loſt.
Cald. Not for the world.
Ler. By that time, Fate will ſend her me again;
For thoſe above, all know my title to her;
She is my Child, *Caldroon*, but ſuch a one
As can raiſe ſorrow above Natures pitch.
Prethee obſerve, *Caldroon*, how other Fathers
Mourn for loſt Children; then thou wou't ſee
I do not talk ſo idly as thou think'ſt;
But in this loſs, I muſt not looſe my ſelf
And whine to nothing: I'le to the King.

Enter the King *and* Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, *and* Bruchero, *whiſpering to him, and* Medina *ſhowing Papers: the King ſad and expreſsing amazement angerly, and ſo paſſes over the ſtage.*

Cald. He comes.
Ler. But with a Guard, I like not.
Cald. We are undone.
Ler. He wou'd not look upon me once,
While round about him, all my Enemies

Whiſper'd

Whiſper'd deſtruction to me.

Cald. All's out, I fear.

Ler. Baſe Prince;
By Heaven, *Caldroon*, he has forgot her;
How eaſily his fond and childiſh Love
Threw the fine thing away, that it ſo cry'd for.
The memories of Princes are but Graves
Where Beauty, and where merit lie forgotten.

Cald. Think of your ſelf, my Lord.

Ler. When the thick crowd of thoughts for loſt *Maria*
Will leave the leaſt way open, then I will;
Oh, ſhe had eyes, *Caldroon*, I hope ſhe has,
That did, and may, yet look him into nothing.

Cald. Cou'd we but find her.

Ler. She cannot be conceal'd, ſhe is too glorious,
Had ſhe been coupl'd with ſome rough-hewn ſlave,
Her Language wou'd have play'd upon his ſoul
And charm'd him into dotage, if ſhe had griev'd
Like an Idolater he wou'd have gather'd
Her tears upon his knees, for ſacred Relicks.
But had he loſt her thus, thus as ſhe's loſt
He wou'd have ſearcht her out, or elſe deſtroy'd
All that he could ſuſpect, and then himſelf.
But this ſick ſhadow of a Lover
That whin'd, and pin'd away in paſſion for her,
Is like a School-boy, glad to be releas'd
From a hard Leſſon.

Cald. Here's more Company.

Ler. The worſt is come already, and the reſt lookt for.

Enter Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, Bruchero, *with* Angelo *led priſoner by an Officer, with a white ſtaffe and a Guard attending.*

Med. You ſhall have more company
Seignior Angelo —— Do your Office, *Algazil.*

Algaz. Roderigo del Caldroon, I Arreſt thee
In the name of *Philip*, King of *Spain.*

Cald. I obey it, we are o're-taken.

Ler.

Ler. *Medina* I will answer the Arrest.
Med. Your case is not much better,
You will be summon'd *Lerma.* *Exeunt.*
Ler. Why then I will appear, *Medina*;
You'r a kind Brother.
Cou'd I turn all my passions into Curses
And make 'em as effectual as my sorrows
They might, perhaps, destroy the proudest of 'em;
And yet my well-propt heart shall bear it all,
He only is above Envy and Fate
Whose mind in sinking Fortunes keeps its height. *Exit.*

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

Lerma *appears, as in his house, with a Letter in his hand; two men bringing in a Coffer after him, opens a door, and they place it in.*

Ler. HEre, set that Treasure in, for they are Reliques
And will preserve their faithful worshipper;
Why, here are mysteries Canonical,
That must not be searcht into by disputes;
'Twas a good purchace too, considering
The deep necessity; or if compar'd
To the vast sums I gave my Instruments
To turn them Feinds, and make my selfe a Devil,
For I am Sainted at a cheaper Rate
Thanks to his Holiness, my pack of Councellors
I have out-gone you all; but to my Letter. *he Reads.*

My LORD,

THis Coffer holds your wishes, and the full salutes from Rome; *your Money is return'd as promised: I have at* Naples *here, met news so fearful, has alter'd all my purposes: I have serv'd you faithfully, pay it to my memory; you are secure, and I preserv'd from shame, by a death of my own chusing poyson. So farewell, no more yours, nor any more*

Toledo.

Kind man, that with ſuch pious Charity
Sav'd me the Labour; he knew I honour'd him
And wou'd not have his Life laid to my charge,
But Piouſly he took it from himſelf;
Where's ſuch another Churchman?
For *Caldroon*, by this time he is going after him
I wou'd the Biſhop had but taught the ſlave
His Wiſe, and charitable way of dying,
But where's *Maria*? I dare not ask my ſelfe,
For I, alas, can't tell, and Heaven will not;
Where is its Mercy then? for it ne'r had
Another way to Bleſs, but by *Maria*.
Could my prophane and paſſionate Revenge
Reach but the Hearts and Lips of the Religious;
No Incenſe evermore ſhou'd upward fly,
Of Prayer or Praiſe; I'de ſtop all Piety
Till they reſtor'd *Maria*, to me—harke—— *Sing here.*
I hear ſome noiſe —— ha? what's this?

Enter Caldroon, *going to Execution, led by two Fryars; a Fryer going before, carrying a Crucifix; after follows others of ſeveral Orders, every one with a wax Taper in his hand; they paſs round the Stage, ſinging his Funeral Dierge.*

After they go out, Medina *enters with a Guard.*

Ler. Oh, are you come? what Tempeſt now?
Med. How do you like the ſight you ſaw?
Ler. What the Pageant? I did not like it.
Med. I thought ſo.
Ler. I was vext to ſee how the poor ſlave
Hung down his head, he ſhou'd have laught at you.
Med. This heavy ſpectacle was meant——
Ler. To frighten me?
Med. No, to prepare and touch thy Conſcience

Before

Before thy Summons which I here pronounce;
Charles Duke of *Lerma*, the Council do command
In the Kings name, that you appear immediately
To answer Articles prefer'd against you.
Ler. *Philip*, Duke of *Medina*, I dare come.
Med. Your impudence was never question'd,
Ler. Nor shall my confidence be shaken by you.
This was no kind Office for a Brother.
Med. Where I find vertue, there I own Alliance,
But I still persecute ignoble Acts, though
Against him that wou'd be call'd my Brother.
Ler. Wou'd be call'd?
Take thy disdain'd Alliance back again
I do despise to plead the chance of Nature
To give me Title or pretence to any thing.
And if you are such as you talk, your selfe,
You might more nobly have persu'd those Actions,
That you Count Ill: I always wore a sword,
And do so now.
Med. I love not to be urg'd to draw my sword
Though that of Justice is much fitter now
To strike at thee, which is so sure and sudden,
That thy pretended Courage is despair.
Yet, now I think on't better, 'tis an Honour
To be thy Executioner. *draws.*
Ler. I did not think yet to have found *Medina*
A poor malicious Enemy, cou'd you believe
That *I* have lost my Courage with my Fortunes,
But to take off your mean ignoble scruple,
Know *Medina*, that at this time, my life
Is as secure as thine, by Heaven it is.

Enter Alcara.

Thou rob'st not greedy Justice of a morsel.
Alca. What's this? the Guard there, hoa?
Ler. What, betray'd?
Alca. How now, my Lord? suffring a Traytor
With a Sword drawn upon you.

Med. My Lord, you are miſtaken.
Alca. The Council call for you, and are
Juſt going to Sit, and immediately expect
Your Priſoners Appearance.
Med. My Lord, I'le follow you.
Alca. I muſt not leave him Arm'd.
Med. Take my Honour, my Lord, there ſhall be
Nothing done, he is my Brother, and as farr
As Juſtice gives me leave, I'de uſe him Nobly.
Alca. The Guard, my Lord, muſt wait in ſight.
Med. As you pleaſe; but he and I muſt have
Some words in private.
Alca. Upon the engagement of your Honour.
Nothing but words ſhall paſs, I leave you.

Exit.

Med. My Lord, you have it, I'le follow preſently.
You ſee we are prevented.
Ler. You have dealt Nobly, and I am calme again;
Only, I wou'd beg leave to tell you a little tale
Before you go. There was a man,
Whoſe Pious Love to Honour, made him forget
Friends and Alliance: ſuch Chymera's
Has brought on Cruelties in your couſen'd mind
That Nature ſtartles at, and the forc't World
Who make advantage on your formal dotage
Condemns you for that ruine which they wiſh;
And call it cruelty in you to bring it.
Med. You are a ſubtle Sophiſter, and might
Talke a believing Fool from his juſt ends.
Ler. Why, Did you never try in all this time
To teach my heart in private, and direct it;
And where you found a wound like a good Chyrurgeon
Search it to cure, and not to kill your Patient.
Med. Away.
Ler. The love of vertue reaches not to Ruine
And all will judge your courſe thus violent
(But ſuch as flatter you for their own ends)
To be your hate to me, not love to vertue.

Med.

Med. I'le hear no more.
Ler. It's true, perhaps I am my ſelf an Ocean,
And mingled ſomething dangerouſly by fortune,
And yet but only gently whiſper'd to:
I am as calme as Nature undiſturb'd
In ſleeping Infants; but when loud breaths
Blow me to ſtormes, I care not then who ſinkes,
Med. I trifle time to hear thee:
The houre of your Appearing's come, make haſt,
Or you'le be fetch't by common Officers:
So farewel, I fear you foole your ſelf with hopes. (*Exit.*
Ler. He's gone; he durſt not ſtay to hear me;
He did begin to melt: good natur'd Gentleman.
I love to try Mens tempers to laugh at 'em;
For I ſhou'd hardly truſt a promis'd kindneſs.
I will not beg, that can command my peace;
He that ſecures himſelf well in the end,
Muſt deſtroy foes, and never truſt a friend.
(*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Medina, D' Alva, Alcara, and Bruchero, *ready to ſit as in Judgment.*

Med. I Hope my Lords I have deſerv'd your thanks.
D' Alva. And all the Nations.
Bru. *Caldroon* and *Angelo* did hardly thank you:
The Ants had pil'd a mighty heap of Treaſure.
Alca. No newes my Lord yet of your Neice?
Med. Not any.
D' Alva. She has ſhow'd a vertue in this cloſe retreat
Beyond all Story.
Med. I do confeſs I'm glad I was miſtaken;
I thought her worſe then ſhe has prov'd.
Alca. The King they ſay begins to have ſuſpitions
That ſhe's convey'd away by ſome of us.

Med.

Med. That fancy will be nouriſht in his minde
By *Lerma*'s creatures, we muſt haſte the Tryal.
Alca. All's ready, ſee the King.

Enter the King.

A Cloud of ſadneſs gathers on his calmneſs;
He ſeemes diſturb'd.
D' Alva. Sir. ——
King. What, you wou'd make excuſes for the fact,
Or, Wou'd you own it for a Pollitick vertue?
D' Alva. What fact Sir?
King. Dare you aske me what? or do you think
I am too young, not grown up to a King?
Alca. We do beſeech your Majeſty——
King. To give you leave to be all Kings, and Tyrants
Of my affections; you ravithers of vertue,
Either reſtore *Maria* to the VVorld,
Or all go ſuddenly, and loſe your ſelves.
Med. Does your Majeſty believe?——
King. Yes I do, that all great men
Have jealous envies, equal unto Rivalls;
And all the courted beauty is ambition,
Hid under Juſtice, which, take heed you follow,
And cloſely too, or ye ſhall all feele mine:
So you may ſit, but I will watch your actions. *Exit.*
D. Alva. This is unhappy.
Med. It will be more, unleſs we now embrace
The opportunity: Come let us ſit
And call the VVitneſſes.

Enter Izabella.

How now, VVhat's the newes with you?
Iza. I wou'd ſpeak with the King.
Med. From whom?
Iza. Maria.
Med. VVhat's your buſineſs?
Iza. 'Tis onely for his Eares.
Med. How *Izabella*, are you grown her ſervant?

Iza.

Iza. I am a Servant to her vertues.
Med. And ſo brought a vertuous Meſſage?
Iza. My Lord, you may ſay what you pleaſe.
Med. But you muſt not go; unleſs you firſt
Tell me the buſineſs — Wher's *Maria*?
Iza. I muſt tell neither.
Med. Ha, Did not I intruſt you?
Iza. And ſo does ſhe, and Ile be juſt to both:
Pray ſtop me not.
Med. Sure *Izabella* you forget your ſelf,
And what I am?
Iza. But not what I ought to be.
Med. Go back I ſay, and tell that counterfeit *Maria*,
She ſhall not ſave her Father, with the loſs
Of her own Prince——go —— Nay, no help.
Iza. Then I muſt ſpeak.
Med. Put her out, and from henceforth
I do diſowne my blood in thee too.
Iza. This is Cruelty, not Juſtice.
Med. Stop her mouth; out with her. (*Puts her out.*
D' Alva. What's the matter my Lord?
Med. Nothing but a Tale-bearer diſpatch't
Away.
Alca. I have ſeen her ſure.
Med. It may be ſo: Come, we trifle time;
Sit my Lords, and call the VVitneſſes.

Enter Catalina *and* Antonio.

Med. *Antonio*, you are ready to averr
Your own Confeſſion, made at ſeveral time.
Anto. My Lords I am.
Med. The Heads of your Confeſſion made out,
The Queens death, and your reward; and how
At laſt your own death was deſign'd.
Anto. All this I am ready at large to teſtifie
And prove.
Med. Your Father was a worthy man,
And you were more unfortunate then ſafe;

Your proofes fair, *Catalina*,
I know will be as ſteady as you virtues.

Enter a Meſſenger: (*The* King *appears above*,

Is *Lerma* come?
Meſſ. He has refus'd to come the common way,
And is deſcending by the private *Lobby*.
D' Alva. That private way is not for Traitors.
Med. Envy him not my Lords, 'tis the laſt time
That his proud humor ſhall be ſatisfied;
I doe believe he knowes not what he does,
But like a tir'd o're-hunted Deere,
Treads fatal pathes offer'd by chance,
And not deſign'd by him.

Enter Lerma *in a* Cardinal *Habit*.

(*They cry Roome*.

Harke, he comes — ha — What's this
A Viſion?
D' Alva. A Maske I think, not an Arraignment.
Alca. He has o're-reacht us all.
Ler. I ſee you are amaz'd my worthy Lords,
To find your loves to vertue made ſo uſeleſs,
As not to practice your admir'd Juſtice:
Perhaps you are ſo fond of that faire Miſtriſs,
As that it mingled paſſion with your actions,
But now you may diſcharge your manag'd witneſſes
That ſtand prepar'd againſt the Duke of *Lerma*,
Lerma the *Cardinal* cannot here be Try'd:
Be not ſo dull my Lords, it ſhowes uncharitable,
An envious malice will be thought the Father
Of ſuch a ſadneſs: nothing but ruine pleaſe you?
Med. D'ee come here to Raile?
Ler. No, to Preach, it is my Office.
I did no ſooner touch this Sacred Habit,
But I was fill'd with Notions.
D' Alva. The Devil helpes thee to 'em.

Ler.

Ler. Still ſo uncharitable?
D' Alva. Doſt thou name any thing that's good?
Ler. Ha, ha, ha!
Med. Are you ſo merry too?
Ler. Why, VVou'd you have me whine, and beg from you
A thing you never had; and which I need not?
He that ſeekes ſafety in a States-mans pitty,
May as well run a Ship upon ſharp Rockes,
And hope a Harbour: nay, if you are ſo dull,
Youle make me laugh again: 'tis not ill ſport
To ſee your cruel aimes thus loſt and cozen'd.
Cou'd you believe, I meant to die ſo tamely,
And quench the thirſt of your ambitious envies
With my deſired blood?
This Holy Robe tells me, it is my duty,
And I forgive: but ſure I may laugh at you.
Med. Impudence; Stand off. Let us conſult. (*They whiſper.*
Ler. Doe, whiſtle out your Braines.
The Councill will run mad; they are angry,
I wou'd not take their way to Heaven.
I muſt Preach Patience to 'em: Now for an Oracle.
Med. You know 'tis in our power to confine you.
Ler. In that I have as well prevented you:
Here's the Aſſignment of a Holy Priſon
By my own choice, and granted by his Holineſs,
In that faire Monaſtery I Rais'd my ſelf.
Med. Subtle Devil.
Ler. I will not longer trouble you my Lords,
But leave you now to prey upon your ſelves.
He that devoures the reſt, in time may be
A monſter, more o'regrown then ere I was.
When you are low, and poor, you are all friends,
And in one fair pretence together joyn,
While every one conceales his own deſign.
It is your Countreys cauſe untill full grown
In long fought power, then it proves your own.
When youſeem good, your Crimes are not the leſs,
Men have all new Creations by ſucceſs.

Ambition like a wanton Womans haſt,
Invites new ſlaves, grown weary of the laſt.
Mankind each others ſtories do repeat,
And man to man is a ſucceeding cheat.
So to this fate I leave you, and ſhall joy,
To ſee thoſe Crimes you blame, your ſelves deſtroy.
May you all ſink in fates for me you meant,
And be too dull, your ruines to prevent;
That when you'r loſt in this Ambitious toile,
I in my ſafe retreate may ſit and ſmile. (*Exit.*

D'Alva. Here's a ſtrange change: thankes to his Holineſs.

Alca. We may bluſh to be thus cozen'd.

Med. Methinks the greatneſs of his ſpirit ſtird me,
I cou'd almoſt forgive him.

Enter Maria *led by Nunnes, and* Izabella.
She Diſcovers.

What, More Maſquerades; How *Maria?*

Mar. Where, or to whom, ſhall I now bend
My almoſt worne out knees? Alaſs the Deity,
From whom I ſhou'd hope mercy, is not here:
How ſhort are Kings of gods? they'r every where (*She weepes.*

King. *Maria* on her knees?
Dare they ſuffer her to kneele (*Above, and Deſcends.*
To whom I bow?

Mar. How durſt you to a King ſhut up the way?
Shou'd Saints denie a wretched ſoul to pray?
Did I your ſafeties with ſuch care deſigne
For you to take the life, that gave me mine.

Med. Her ſorrow moves.

D'Alva Here Vertue more; riſe fair *Maria.*

Mar. Speak, muſt my Father dye? if it be ſo
We'll both together to my Mother go.

D'Alva. Fair vertuous Maid, your Father lives.

Enter

Enter the King haſtily

Med. Ha! the King.

King. Maria.

Tell me the wretch, that raviſht thee from me,
That my Revenge, great as his crime may be.

Mar. When you your Sacred Word to me did give,
My Father by your Mercy ſtill ſhou'd live,
I ſtole away that you might be left free
To be as juſt, as merciful to me:
And durſt not elſe, but unto thoſe above
In Prayers for you, confeſs my ſecret Love.

King. Your Father is preſerv'd from danger, free,
And ſav'd himſelf that had been ſav'd by me.
He in a Holy Robe is now retir'd,
By danger urg'd, by Heaven I hope inſpir'd.

Mar. What an exceſs of bleſſings Heaven can give!
Oh happy Father, that does more then Live!
With joy now to my Sacred Cell I'le go;
I ſhou'd not weep, but my fond tears will flow.
My Zeal it ſelf has a temptation too,
I ſcarce ſhall pray for any thing but you.

King. If you, in leaving me ſo cruel prove,
Your Prayers will be as uſeleſs as your Love.

Mar. Time, Sir, alas, will in a little ſpace
An Image drawn but faintly, quite deface.
Love, like a ſhadow, while youth ſhines, is ſhown,
But in old Ages darkneſs, there is none.

King. But all pure Love, like glow-worms heatleſs fires
Lives where it ſhines, and with that life expires.
Beauty, like Time on Dials, moves ſo ſlow
That they who always gaze, can't ſee it goe.

Mar. But I muſt now leave Heaven, Sir, or you.

King. The choice were eaſie, were the queſtion true.

Mar. Is not Heaven then the beſt felicity?

King. But you as well may go to Heaven with me.

Mar. 'Tis hard, thorow the world to find the way,
If I talk long, I ſhall my ſelf betray;

Your

Your Joys I Study, and deny my own;
Shou'd *Lerma's* Daughter share your Bed and Throne;
Farewell, Sir, when you think of this, confess,
I lov'd you, far beyond my happiness.

King. Stay yet, and hear this vow *going out.*
Spains empty Throne,
Unless from you shall want succession,

Med. Now, by my Sisters blessed soul, I share
Between her Vertues, and my Kings Despair;
Maria, stay, you must to Duty bow.

D'Alva. You sav'd us all, preserve you Nation now.

Alca. That vertue still may flow from you, their Spring.

Bru. And make a Nation happy with their King.

Mar. What shou'd I do?

King. ——— Deferre your cruel thoughts,
Till by my grief you are more pitty taught.

Mar. This, Sir, is to o'recome the easiest way.
My Forces will all lessen by delay,
Yet, Sir, in this I must submit to you
And Heaven, to teach my heart what's best to do.

King. Till then ———
Let all that Love me, in my troubles joyn,
And let their griefs, Allegiance pay to mine.
Let not a smile upon a face be seen
Till fair *Maria* yields to be my Queen.

FINIS.

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